







between parodies and parables, love songs and political hymns, Germanisms and barbarisms, we are fairly confounded. Indeed, we heartily wish that the last hymn we have noticed

is the only contribution by the editor of the Collection, Mr. Dawson, preacher to the congregation for whose use the Hymns are intended. We will merely remark, by way of criticism, that if the author's claims to editorship or poetic fame rest upon this single production, verily they be very slight indeed:—

“Man's Life is the Holy Land!  
We, Lord, thy Crusader band  
Shriv'd by thee, from pagan sin,  
Shrine of God, man's heart, would win.

On our shield thy cross we bear,  
By our side thy sword we wear;  
Shield of faith, so stout, so strong!  
Sword of truth, so bright, so long!

Courage, Lord, we seek from thee,  
From the foe we would not flee.  
Manful quit us in the fight,  
Toil from dawning until night.

When at last the fight is done,  
When the Holy Land is won,  
Where the victors part the spoil,  
Rest thy weary ones from toil.

Gift us with the conqueror's crown,  
At thy feet we lay it down,  
Deeply feeling, not our own—  
Thine the glory, thine alone.”

We presume that this Hymn is intended as a Missionary Hymn, and if so, we may suggest to our readers a comparison between it and the well-known noble Missionary Hymn by the lamented Heber, commencing with “From Greenland's icy mountains.” The latter Hymn was not however, we suppose, worthy of a place in such a collection as Mr. Dawson's.

It is now time to conclude our notice; but before we do so, we may, for a moment, revert to the omission of Hymns on the Holy Spirit, and observe that the Editor of the Collection has possibly forgotten that his denial of the Spirit assimilates his doctrine to that of the heresiarch Sabellius, and places himself beyond the pale of any Christian Church. Mr. Dawson is evidently a young man, who, with that peculiar aptitude of young men for conceit and change of opinion, has prided and plumed himself upon more than he possesses, and has consequently, setting up *himself* before the Scriptures, or before wise and good men, fallen into great and grievous errors. Perhaps however, as he belongs to a class of men whose boast is that *what they are to-day they may not be to-morrow*, he may possibly yet come to the truth; for the present he has gone astray. Instead of uniting himself with the Church of Christ, he has indulged in glittering, yet hollow speculations, which have every day led him further and further from the truth into Mysticism, and which will, we fear, speedily plunge him into positive Infidelity. He has gathered round him a congregation of youthful and ardent minds, to whom he propounds odd fancies in odd language, and who are eagerly following him

*K. Bible & J. Psalms  
Hymns*

# **P s a l m s**

AND

# **H y m n s.**

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,

AND SOLD BY

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BIRMINGHAM;

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C. E. MUDIE, 28, UPPER KING STREET,  
BLOOMSBURY, LONDON.

—  
M D C C C X L V I.



**BIRMINGHAM :**

**PRINTED BY A. DEAKIN, 42, EDMUND STREET.**

**GOD IS A SPIRIT :**  
**AND THEY THAT WORSHIP HIM MUST WORSHIP**  
**HIM IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.**  
**FOR THE FATHER SEEKETH SUCH TO WORSHIP**  
**HIM.**





## Psalms.

---

### 1.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the  
counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the |  
way of | sinners ;  
Nor sitteth | in the | seat of the | scornful :  
But his delight is in the | law of the | Lord,  
And in his law doth he | meditate | day and |  
night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the |  
rivers of | water,  
That bringeth | forth his | fruit in his | season ;  
His leaf also | shall not | wither,  
And whatso | ever he | doeth shall | prosper.

The ungodly | are not | so,  
But are like the chaff which the | wind |  
driveth a | way :  
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand | in the |  
judgment,  
Nor sinners in the congre | gation | of the |  
righteous :

For the Lord knoweth the way | of the |  
righteous ;  
But the way of | the un | godly shall | perish.

## 2.

HEAR me when I call, O God of my |  
righteous | ness ;  
Thou hast enlarged me when | I was | in dis |  
tress ;  
Have mercy | upon | me,  
And | hear | my | prayer.

O ye | sons of | men,  
How long will ye turn my | glory | into | shame  
How long will | ye love | vanity,  
And | seek | after | leasing.

But know that the Lord hath set apart him  
that is godly | for him | self :  
The Lord will hear when I | call | unto | him.  
Stand in awe | and sin | not ;  
Commune with your own heart upon your |  
bed | and be | still.

Offer the sacrifices of | righteous | ness,  
And put your | trust | in the | Lord.  
There be many that say, Who will show us |  
any | good ?  
Lord, lift thou up the light of thy | counte |  
nance up | on us.

Thou hast put gladness | in my | heart,  
More than in the time that their corn | and  
their | wine in | creased.  
I will both lay me down in | peace, and | sleep,  
For thou, Lord, only | makest me | dwell in |  
safety.

## 3.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name  
in | all the | earth ;  
Who hast set thy | glory a | bove the | heavens.  
Out of the mouth of | babes and | sucklings  
Hast | thou or | dained | strength,

Because | of thine | enemies,  
That thou mightest still the | enemy | and the  
a | venger.  
When I consider thy heavens, the work |  
of thy | fingers,  
The moon and the | stars which | thou hast or |  
dained,

What is man that thou art | mindful of | him,  
And the son of man, | that thou | visitest | him :  
For thou hast made him a little lower | than  
the | angels,  
And hast crowned | him with | glory and |  
honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the  
works | of thy | hands ;  
Thou hast put all things | un | der his | feet ;  
All sheep and oxen, yea, and the | beasts  
of the | field,  
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and  
whatsoever passeth | through the | paths of  
the | seas.

O | Lord our | Lord,  
How excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth.

## 4

LORD, who shall abide in thy | taber | nacle ?  
 Who shall | dwell in thy | holy | hill ?  
 He that walketh uprightly, and | worketh |  
     righteousness,  
 And speaketh the | truth | in his | heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor  
     doeth evil | to his | neighbour,  
 Nor taketh up a re | proach a | gainst his |  
     neighbour ;  
 In whose eyes a vile person | is con | temned,  
 But he honoureth | them that | fear the | Lord.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and |  
     changeth | not ;  
 He that putteth not out his money to usury,  
     nortaketh re | ward a | gainst the | innocent,  
 He that | doeth these | things,  
 Shall | ne | ver be | moved.

## 5.

THE heavens declare the | glory of | God,  
 And the firmament | showeth his | handy |  
     work :  
 Day unto day | uttereth | speech,  
 And night unto | night | showeth | knowledge

There is no | speech nor | language,  
 Where their | voice | is not | heard :  
 Their line is gone out through | all the | earth,  
 And their words to the | end | of the | world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle | for the | sun,  
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his  
chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong | man to |  
run a | race ;  
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,  
and his circuit unto the | end | of it ;  
And there is nothing hid | from the | heat  
there | of.

The Law of the Lord is perfect, con | verting  
the | soul :  
The testimony of the Lord is sure | making |  
wise the | simple :  
The statutes of the Lord are right, re | joicing  
the | heart :  
The commandment of the Lord is | pure en |  
lightening the | eyes :

The fear of the Lord is clean, en | during for |  
ever :  
The judgments of the Lord are true and |  
righteous | alto | gether :  
More to be desired are they than gold, yea,  
than | much fine | gold,  
Sweeter also than honey | and the | honey |  
comb.

Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned :  
And in keeping of them | there is | great re |  
ward.

Who can under | stand his | errors ?  
Cleanse thou | me from | secret | faults.

Keep back thy servant also from pre | sump-  
tuous | sins ;  
Let them not have do | minion | over | me :  
Then shall | I be | upright,  
And I shall be innocent | from the | great  
trans | gression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation  
of my heart, be acceptable | in thy | sight,  
O Lord, my | strength, and | my re | deemer.

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## 6.

GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us ;  
And cause his | face to | shine up | on us.  
That thy way may be | known up | on earth,  
Thy saving | health a | mong all | nations.

Let the people | praise thee, O | God ;  
Let | all the | people | praise thee.  
O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy :  
For thou shalt judge the people righteously,  
and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

Let the people | praise thee, O | God ;  
Let | all the | people | praise thee ;  
Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ;  
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless  
us.

God | shall bless | us ;  
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear |  
him.

## 7.

THE Lord is my shepherd ; I | shall not |  
want.  
He maketh me to | lie down | in green | pas-  
tures :  
He leadeth me beside | the still | waters.  
He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the  
paths of | righteousness | for his | name's  
sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the  
shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil :  
For thou art with me ; thy rod and thy | staff  
they | comfort | me.  
Thou preparest a table before me in the pre-  
sence | of mine | enemies :  
Thou anointest my head with oil ; my | cup |  
runneth | over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all  
the days | of my | life :  
And I will dwell in the | house of the | Lord  
for | ever.

---

## 8.

PRESERVE | me, O | God ;  
For in thee | do I | put my | trust.  
O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou |  
art my | Lord ;  
My goodness ex | tendeth | not to | thee.

But to the saints that are | in the | earth,  
And to the excellent, in | whom is | all my  
de | light.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten  
after an | other | God :

Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,  
nor take up their | names in | to my | lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance  
and | of my | cup :

Thou main | tainest | my | lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in | pleasant |  
places ;

Yea, I | have a | goodly | heritage.

I will bless the Lord who hath | given me |  
counsel :

My reins also in | struct me | in the night |  
seasons,

I have set the Lord | always be | fore me :  
Because he is at my right | hand, I | shall not  
be | moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my | glory  
re | joiceth :

My flesh | also shall | rest in | hope.

For thou wilt not leave my | soul in | hell ;  
Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy | One to |  
see cor | ruption.

Thou wilt show me the | path of | life :

In thy presence is fulness of joy ; and at thy  
right hand there are | pleasures for | ever |  
more.



## 9.

THE Lord hear thee in the | day of | trouble :  
The name of the | God of | Jacob de | fend  
thee.

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and  
strengthen thee | out of | Zion.

Remember all thy offerings, and accept | thy  
burnt | sacri | fice.

Grant thee according to | thine own | heart,  
And ful | fil | all thy | counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the  
name of our God we will | set up our |  
banners :

The Lord ful | fil all | thy pe | titions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth | his a |  
nointed ;

He will hear him from his holy heaven with  
the saving | strength of | his right | hand.

Some trust in chariots, and | some in | horses :  
But we will remember the | name of the |  
Lord our | God.

They are brought | down and | fallen :  
But we are | risen, and | stand up | right.

Save | Lord :

Let the king | hear us | when we | call.

## 10.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness  
there | of.

The world, and | they that | dwell there | in.  
For he hath founded it up | on the | seas,  
And established | it up | on the | floods.

Who shall ascend into the | hill of the | Lord ?  
And who shall stand | in his | holy | place ?  
He that hath clean hands and | a pure | heart ;  
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vani | ty,  
nor | sworn de | ceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord,  
And righteousness from the | God of | his  
sal | vation.

This is the generation of them | that seek |  
him,  
That | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye  
lift up, ye ever | lasting | doors ;  
And the King of | glory | shall come | in.  
Who is this | King of | glory ?  
The Lord strong and mighty, the | Lord |  
mighty in | battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; even lift them  
up, ye ever | lasting | doors ;  
And the King of | glory | shall come | in.  
Who is this | King of | glory ?  
The Lord of hosts, he | is the | King of |  
glory.

## 11.

UNTO thee, O Lord, do I lift | up my | soul.  
O my | God, I | trust in | thee.  
Let me not | be a | shamed,  
Let not mine enemies | triumph | over | me.

Yea, let none that wait on thee | be a | shamed :  
Let them be ashamed | which trans | gress  
without | cause.  
Show me thy | ways, O | Lord ;  
Teach | me | thy | paths.

Lead me in thy | truth, and | teach me :  
For thou art the God of my salvation ; on thee  
do | I wait | all the | day.  
Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and  
thy loving | kindness | es ;  
For they | have been | ever of | old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor | my  
trans | gressions :  
According to thy mercy remember thou me  
for thy | goodness' | sake, O | Lord.  
Good and upright | is the | Lord :  
Therefore will he teach | sinners | in the | way.

The meek will he | guide in | judgment :  
And the | meek will he | teach his | way.  
All the paths of the Lord are | mercy | and truth  
Unto such as keep his covenant | and his |  
testi | monies.

For thy name's | sake, O | Lord,  
Pardon mine in | iquity | for it is | great.  
What man is he that | feareth the | Lord ?  
Him shall he teach in the | way that | he  
shall | choose.

His soul shall | dwell at | ease ;  
And his seed | shall in | herit the | earth.  
The secret of the Lord is with | them that |  
fear him,  
And | he will | show them his | covenant.

Mine eyes are ever | toward the | Lord ;  
For he shall pluck my | feet out | of the | net.  
Turn thee unto me, and have | mercy up | on  
me ;  
For I am | desolate | and af | flicted.

The troubles of my heart | are en | larged :  
O bring thou me | out of | my dis | tresses.  
Look upon mine affliction | and my | pain ;  
And for | give | all my | sins.

Consider mine enemies, for | they are | many ;  
And they hate | me with | cruel | hatred.  
O keep my soul and deliver me : let me not |  
be a | shamed ;  
For I | put my | trust in | thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me ;  
for I | wait on | thee.  
Redeem Israel, O God, | out of | all his |  
troubles.

## 12.

GIVE unto the Lord, | O ye | mighty,  
Give unto the | Lord | glory and | strength.  
Give unto the Lord the glory due un | to  
his | name ;  
Worship the Lord in the | beau | ty of | ho-  
liness.

The voice of the Lord is up | on the | waters :  
The | God of | glory | thundereth.  
The Lord is upon | many | waters ;  
The | voice of the | Lord is | powerful.

The voice of the Lord is | full of | majesty ;  
The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars ;  
yea, the Lord | breaketh the | cedars of |  
Lebanon.  
He maketh them also to skip | like a | calf ;  
Lebanon and | Sirion | like a young | unicorn.

The voice of the Lord divideth the | flames  
of | fire.  
The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness ;  
the Lord shaketh the | wilder | ness of |  
Kadesh.  
The voice of the Lord maketh the | hinds to |  
calve,  
And dis | cover | eth the | forests :

And | in his | temple  
Doth every one | speak | of his | glory.  
The Lord sitteth up | on the | flood ;  
Yea, the Lord | sitteth | King for | ever.

The Lord will give strength un | to his |  
people :  
The Lord will | bless his | people with | peace.

---

## 13.

BLESSED is he whose transgression | is for |  
given,  
Whose | sin | is | covered.  
Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord im-  
puteth | not in | iquity,  
And in whose spirit | there | is no | guile.

When | I kept | silence,  
My bones waxed old through my | roaring |  
all the day | long.  
For day and night thy hand was | heavy up |  
on me :  
My moisture is turned | into the | drought of |  
summer.

I acknowledged my sin | unto | thee,  
And mine in | iquity | have I not | hid.  
I said, I will confess my transgressions un | to  
the | Lord,  
And thou forgavest therein | iquity | of my | sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto  
thee in a time when thou | mayest be | found;  
Surely in the floods of great waters they | shall  
not come | nigh unto | him.  
Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve |  
me from | trouble;  
Thou shalt compass me about with | songs | of  
de | liverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way  
which | thou shalt | go;  
I will | guide thee | with mine | eye.  
Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which  
have no | under | standing,  
Whose mouth must be held in with bit and  
bridle, lest they | come near | unto | thee.

Many sorrows shall be | to the | wicked;  
But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall |  
compass | him a | bout.  
Be glad in the Lord, and re | joice, ye | righ-  
teous,  
And shout for joy, all ye that are | up | right  
in | heart.

## 14.

I WILL bless the | Lord at | all times ;  
His praise shall continually | be | in my |  
mouth.  
My soul shall make her boast | in the | Lord ;  
The humble shall | hear thereof | and be |  
glad.

O magnify the | Lord with | me,  
And let us ex | alt his | name to | gether.  
I sought the Lord | and he | heard me,  
And delivered | me from | all my | fears.

They looked unto him | and were | lightened,  
And their | faces were | not a | shamed.  
This poor man cried and the | Lord | heard  
him,  
And saved him | out of | all his | troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about |  
them that | fear him,  
And | de | livereth | them.  
O taste and see that the | Lord is | good ;  
Blessed is the | man that | trusteth | in him.

O fear the Lord | ye his | saints,  
For there is no | want to | them that | fear him.  
The young lions do lack, and | suffer | hunger ;  
But they that seek the Lord shall | not want |  
any good | thing.



Come ye children, hearken | unto | me ;  
I will teach | you the | fear of the | Lord.  
What man is he that desireth life, and loveth |  
many | days,  
That | he | may see | good ?

Keep thy | tongue from | evil,  
And thy | lips from | speaking | guile.  
Depart from evil | and do | good ;  
Seek | peace | and pur | sue it.

The eyes of the Lord are up | on the | right-  
eous,  
And his ears are | open un | to their | cry.  
The face of the Lord is against them | that  
do | evil,  
To cut off the remembrance | of them | from  
the | earth.

The righteous cry, and the | Lord | heareth,  
And delivereth them | out of | all their |  
troubles.  
The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a |  
broken | heart,  
And saveth such as be | of a | contrite | spirit.

Many are the afflictions | of the | righteous ;  
But the Lord delivereth | him out | of them |  
all.  
He keepeth | all his | bones,  
Not | one of | them is | broken.

Evil shall | slay the | wicked,  
And they that hate the | righteous | shall be |  
desolate.  
The Lord redeemeth the soul | of his | ser-  
vants,  
And none of them that trust in | him | shall  
be | desolate.

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## 15.

REJOICE in the Lord | O ye | righteous,  
For praise is | comely | for the | upright.  
Praise the | Lord with | harp,  
Sing unto him with the psaltery and an | in-  
strument | of ten | strings.

Sing unto him | a new | song;  
Play | skilfully | with a loud | noise.  
For the word of the | Lord is | right,  
And all his | works are | done in | truth.

He loveth righteous | ness and | judgment;  
The earth is full of the | goodness | of the |  
Lord.  
By the word of the Lord were the | heavens |  
made,  
And all the host of them | by the | breath of  
his | mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together |  
as an | heap;  
He layeth | up the | depth in | storehouses.  
Let all the earth | fear the | Lord,  
Let all the inhabitants of the world | stand in |  
awe of | him;

For he spake, and | it was | done;  
He com | manded | and it stood | fast.  
The Lord bringeth the counsel of the | heathen  
to | nought;  
He maketh the devices of the | people of |  
none | effect.

The counsel of the Lord | standeth for | ever;  
The thoughts of his | heart to | all gener | a-  
tions.  
Blessed is the nation whose | God is the |  
Lord,  
And the people whom he hath chosen for his |  
own in | heri | tance.

The Lord | looketh from | heaven;  
He beholdeth | all the | sons of | men.  
From the place of his | habi | tation  
He looketh upon all the in | habitants | of  
the | earth.

He fashioneth their | hearts a | like;  
He con | sidereth | all their | works.  
There is no king saved by the multitude | of  
an | host;  
A mighty man is not de | livered | by much |  
strength.

An horse is a vain | thing for | safety ;  
Neither shall he deliver | any by | his great |  
strength.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon | them  
that | fear him ;  
Upon | them that | hope in his | mercy.

To deliver their | soul from | death,  
And to | keep them a | live in | famine.  
Our soul waiteth | for the | Lord ;  
He is our | help | and our | shield.

For our heart shall re | jice in | him,  
Because we have trusted | in his | holy | name.  
Let thy mercy, O Lord | be up | on us,  
According | as we | hope in | thee.

---

## 16.

I WILL extol | thee, O | Lord ;  
For thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made  
my foes to re | jice | over | me.  
O Lord my God, I cried | unto | thee,  
And | thou hast | healed | me.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul | from  
the | grave :  
Thou has kept me alive, that I should | not  
go | down to the | pit.  
Sing unto the Lord, O ye | saints of | his,  
And give thanks at the remembrance | of  
his | holi | ness.

For his anger endureth | but a | moment ;  
In his | favour | is | life :  
Weeping may endure | for a | night,  
But joy | cometh | in the | morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall | never  
be | moved.  
Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my |  
mountain | to stand | strong.  
Thou didst hide thy face, and | I was |  
troubled :  
I cried to thee, O Lord ; and unto the Lord |  
I made | suppli | cation.

What profit is there in my blood, when I go  
down | to the | pit ?  
Shall the dust praise thee shall | it de | clare  
thy | truth ?  
Hear, O Lord, and have | mercy up | on me :  
Lord, | be | thou my | helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning | into |  
dancing :  
Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and | girded |  
me with | gladness.  
To the end that my glory may sing praise to  
thee, and | not be | silent.  
O Lord my God, I will give | thanks unto |  
thee for | ever.

## 17.

THE transgression of the wicked saith with |  
in my | heart,  
That there is no fear of | God be | fore his | eyes.  
For he flattereth himself in | his own | eyes,  
Until his iniquity | be found | to be | hateful.

The words of his mouth are iniquity | and de |  
ceit,  
He hath left off to be | wise | and to do | good ;  
He deviseth mischief up | on his | bed ;  
He setteth himself in a way that is not good |  
he ab | horreth not | evil.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is | in the | heavens,  
And thy faithfulness | reacheth un | to the |  
clouds ;  
Thy righteousness is like | the great | moun-  
tains.

Thy | judgments | are a great | deep.

O Lord thou preservest | man and | beast :  
How excellent is thy | loving | kindness, O |  
God :

Therefore the | children of | men  
Put their trust under the | shadow | of thy |  
wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the  
fatness | of thy | house ;  
And thou shalt make them drink of the |  
river | of thy | pleasures.  
For with thee is the | fountain of | life ;  
In thy | light shall | we see | light.

O continue thy lovingkindness unto | them  
that | know thee ;  
And thy righteousness | to the | upright in |  
heart.  
Let not the foot of pride | come a | gainst me,  
And let not the | hand of the | wicked re |  
move me.

There are the workers of in | iquity | fallen :  
They are cast down, and | shall not be | able  
to | rise.

---

## 18.

I SAID, I will take heed to my ways that I  
sin not | with my | tongue :  
I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the |  
wicked | is be | fore me.  
I was dumb with silence, I held my peace |  
even from | good ;  
And my | sor | row was | stirred.

My heart was hot within me, while I was  
musing the | fire | burned :  
Then | spake I | with my | tongue,  
Lord make make me to know mine end, and  
the measure of my days | what it | is ;  
That I may | know how | frail I | am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as an hand-  
breadth ; and mine age is as | nothing be |  
fore thee ;

Verily every man at his best state is | alto |  
gether | vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain show ;  
surely they are dis | quieted | in vain :

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not | who  
shall | gather | them.

And now, Lord, what | wait I | for ?

My | hope | is in | thee.

Deliver me from all | my trans | gressions :

Make me not the re | proach | of the | foolish.

I was dumb, I opened | not my | mouth,

Be | cause thou | didst | it.

Remove thy stroke a | way from | me :

I am consumed by | the blow | of thine | hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for  
iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume  
away | like a | moth :

Surely | every | man is | vanity.

Hear my | prayer, O | Lord,

And give | ear un | to my | cry ;

Hold not thy peace | at my | tears :

For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner,  
as | all my | fathers | were.

O spare me, that I may re | cover | strength,  
Before I go | hence, and | be no | more.



## 19.

AS the hart panteth after the | water | brooks,  
So panteth my soul | after | thee, O | God.  
My soul thirsteth for God, for the | living |  
God :

When shall I come and ap | pear be | fore |  
God ?

My tears have been my meat | day and | night,  
While they continually say unto me, | Where |  
is thy | God ?

When I re | member these | things,  
I pour | out my | soul in | me ;

For I had gone with the | multi | tude,  
I went with them | to the | house of | God,  
With the voice of | joy and | praise,  
With a multitude | that kept | holy | day.

Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul ?  
And why art | thou dis | quieted in | me ?  
Hope | thou in | God ;  
For I shall yet praise him for the | help | of  
his | countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast | down with | in  
me ;

Therefore will I remember thee from the land  
of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, | from  
the | hill | Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise | of thy |  
waterspouts :

All thy waves and thy billows | are gone |  
over | me.

Yet the Lord will command his lovingkind-  
ness | in the | daytime,  
And in the night his song shall be with me,  
and my prayer unto the | God | of my | life.  
I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou  
for | gotten | me ?  
Why go I mourning because of the op | pres-  
sion | of the | enemy ?

As with a sword in my bones, mine ene | mies  
re | proach me ;  
While they say daily unto me, | Where | is  
thy | God ?  
Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul ?  
And why art thou dis | quieted | within | me ?

Hope | thou in | God ;  
For I shall yet praise him, who is the health  
of my | countenance | and my | God.

---

## 20.

GOD is our | refuge and | strength,  
A very | present | help in | trouble.  
Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth  
be re | moved,  
And though the mountains be carried into  
the | midst | of the | sea ;

Though the waters thereof roar | and be |  
troubled,  
Though the mountains | shake with the |  
swelling there | of.  
There is a river, the streams whereof make  
glad the | city of | God,  
The holy places of the tabernacles | of | the  
most | high.

God is in the | midst of | her ;  
She | shall | not be | moved :  
God | shall help | her,  
And | that | right | early.

The heathen raged, the | kingdoms were |  
moved :  
He uttered his | voice, | the earth | melted.  
The Lord of | hosts is | with us ;  
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

Come, behold the | works of the | Lord,  
What desolations he | hath made | in the |  
earth.  
He maketh wars to cease unto the | end of  
the | earth.  
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear  
in sunder ; he burneth the | chariot | in  
the | fire.

Be still, and know that | I am | God ;  
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will  
be ex | alted | in the | earth.  
The Lord of | hosts is | with us :  
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

## 21.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to  
thy | loving | kindness :

According unto the multitude of thy tender  
mercies | blot out | my trans | gressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine in | iqui | ty,  
And | cleanse me | from my | sin.

For I acknowledge | my trans | gressions :

And my | sin is | ever be | fore me.

Against thee, thee only | have I | sinned,

And done this | evil | in thy | sight :

That thou mightest be justified | when thou |  
speakest,

And be | clear | when thou | judgest.

Behold, I was shapen | in in | iquity ;

And in | sin did my | mother con | ceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the | inward |  
parts :

And in the hidden part thou shalt | make me |  
to know | wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and | I shall be |  
clean :

Wash me, and I shall be | whi | ter than |  
snow.

Make me to hear | joy and | gladness ;

That the bones which thou hast | broken | may  
re | joice.

Hide thy face | from my | sins,

And | blot out | all mine | iniquities.

Create in me a clean | heart, O | God ;  
And renew a | right | spirit with | in me.  
Cast me not away | from thy | presence ;  
And take not thy | holy | spirit | from me.

Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal | vation ;  
And uphold | me with | thy free | spirit.  
Then will I teach trans | gressors thy | ways ;  
And sinners shall be con | verted | unto | thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou  
God of | my sal | vation.  
And my tongue shall sing aloud | of thy |  
righteous | ness.  
O Lord, open | thou my | lips ;  
And my mouth | shall show | forth thy |  
praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice ; else | would  
I | give it :  
Thou de | lightest not | in burnt | offering.  
The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit :  
A broken and a contrite heart, O | God, thou |  
wilt not des | pise.

Do good in thy good pleasure | unto | Zion :  
Build thou the | walls | of Je | rusalem.  
Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices  
of righteousness, with burnt offering and |  
whole burnt | offering ;  
Then shall they offer | bullocks up | on thine |  
altar.

## 22.

HEAR my | cry, O | God ;  
At | tend un | to my | prayer.  
From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee,  
when my heart is | over | whelmed.  
Lead me to the | rock that is | higher  
than | I.

For thou hast been a | shelter | for me,  
And a strong tower | from the | ene | my.  
I will abide in thy tabernacle | for | ever :  
I will trust in the | covert | of thy | wings.

For thou, O God, hast | heard my | vows :  
Thou hast given me the heritage of | those  
that | fear thy | name.  
Thou wilt prolong | the king's | life :  
And his years as | many | gene | rations.

He shall abide before | God for | ever :  
O prepare mercy and | truth, which | may  
pre | serve him.  
So will I sing praise unto thy | name for |  
ever,  
That I may | daily per | form my | vows.

---

## 23.

O GOD, thou | art my | God :  
Early | will I | seek | thee :  
My soul | thirsteth for | thee,  
My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty  
land, | where no | water | is ;

To see thy power | and thy | glory,  
So as I have | seen thee | in the | sanctuary.  
Because thy lovingkindness is | better than |  
life,  
My | lips shall | praise | thee.

Thus will I bless thee | while I | live :  
I will lift up my | hands | in thy | name.  
My soul shall be satisfied as with | marrow  
and | fatness ;  
And my mouth shall | praise thee with | joy-  
ful | lips :

When I remember thee up | on my | bed,  
And meditate on thee | in the | night | watches.  
Because thou hast | been my | help,  
Therefore in the shadow of thy | wings will |  
I re | joice.

My soul followeth hard | after | thee :  
Thy right | hand up | holdeth | me.  
But those that seek my soul, | to de | stroy it,  
Shall go into the lower | parts | of the | earth.

They shall fall | by the | sword :  
They shall | be a | portion for | foxes.  
But the king shall rejoice in God ; every one  
that sweareth by | him shall | glory :  
But the mouth of them that | speak lies | shall  
be | stopped.

## 24.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O | God, in | Sion ;  
And unto thee | shall the | vow be per |  
formed.

O thou that | hearest | prayer,  
Unto | thee shall | all flesh | come.

Iniquities pre | vail a | gainst me :  
As for our transgressions, | thou shalt | purge  
them a | way.  
Blessed is the man | whom thou | choosest,  
And causeth to approach unto thee, that he  
may | dwell | in thy | courts :

We shall be satisfied with the goodness | of  
thy | house,  
Even | of thy | holy | temple.  
By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou |  
answer | us,  
O | God of | our sal | vation ;

Who art the confidence of all the | ends of  
the | earth,  
And of them that are afar | off up | on the |  
sea :  
Which by his strength setteth | fast the |  
mountains ;  
Being | gird | ed with | power.



Which stilleth the noise | of the | seas,  
 The noise of their waves, and the | tumult |  
 of the | people.  
 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts  
 are afraid | at thy | tokens :  
 Thou makest the outgoings of the morning  
 and | evening | to re | joice.

Thou visitest the earth, and | waterest | it :  
 Thou greatly enrichest it | with the | river  
 of | God,  
 Which is | full of | water :  
 Thou preparest them corn, when thou | hast  
 so pro | vided for | it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly :  
 thou settlest the | furrows there | of :  
 Thou makest it soft with showers : thou |  
 blessest the | springing there | of.  
 Thou crownest the year | with thy | goodness ;  
 And thy | paths | drop | fatness.

They drop upon the pastures | of the | wil-  
 derness :  
 And the little hills re | joice on | every | side.  
 The pastures are | clothed with | flocks ;  
 The valleys also are covered over with corn ;  
 they shout for | joy, they | also | sing.

## 25.

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, | all ye |  
lands ;

Sing forth the honour of his | name : make |  
his praise | glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou | in thy |  
works !

Through the greatness of thy power shall thine  
enemies submit | themselves | unto | thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall |  
sing unto | thee ;

They shall | sing | to thy | name.

Come and see the | works of | God :

He is terrible in his doing toward the | chil |  
dren of | men.

He turned the sea | into dry | land :

They went | through the | flood on | foot :

There did we re | joice in | him.

He ruleth | by his | power for | ever :

His eyes be | hold the | nations :

Let not the rebellious | ex | alt them | selves.

O bless our | God, ye | people,

And make the voice of his | praise | to be |  
heard :

Which holdeth our | soul in | life,

And suffereth | not our | feet to be | moved.

For thou, O God, hast | proved | us :

Thou hast tried | us as | silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us | into the | net :  
Thou laidst af | fliction up | on our | loins.  
Thou hast caused men to ride | over our |  
heads :  
We went through | fire | and through | water.

But thou broughtest us out into a | wealthy |  
place.  
I will go into thy | house | with burnt | offer-  
ing :  
I will pay | thee my | vows,  
Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth  
hath spoken | when I | was in | trouble.

I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings,  
with the | incense of | rams :  
I will | offer | bullocks with | goats.  
Come and hear, all ye | that fear | God,  
And I will declare what | he hath | done for  
my | soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was  
extolled | with my | tongue.  
If I regard iniquity in my heart, the | Lord |  
will not | hear me :  
But verily | God hath | heard me ;  
He hath attended to the | voice | of my |  
prayer.

Blessed be God which hath not turned a | way  
my | prayer,  
Nor his | mer | cy from | me.

## 26.

GIVE the king thy | judgments, O | God,  
And thy righteousness | unto | the king's |  
son.  
He shall judge thy | people with | righteous-  
ness,  
And | thy | poor with | judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace | to the |  
people,  
And the | little | hills, by | righteousness.  
He shall judge the | poor of the | people,  
He shall save the children of the needy, and  
shall break in | pieces | the op | pressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and |  
moon en | dure,  
Through | out all | gene | rations.  
He shall come down like rain upon the |  
mown | grass ;  
As | showers that | water the | earth.

In his days shall the | righteous | flourish ;  
And abundance of peace so | long as the |  
moon en | dureth.  
He shall have dominion also from | sea to |  
sea,  
And from the river unto the | ends | of the |  
earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall | bow  
be | fore him ;  
And his | enemies shall | lick the | dust.  
The kings of Tarshish and of the isles | shall  
bring | presents :  
The kings of Sheba and | Seba shall | offer |  
gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall | down be | fore him :  
All | na | tions shall | serve him.  
For he shall deliver the needy | when he |  
crieth ;  
The poor also, and | him that | hath no |  
helper.

He shall spare the | poor and | needy,  
And shall | save the | souls of the | needy.  
He shall redeem their soul from de | ceit and |  
violence ;  
And precious shall their | blood be | in his |  
sight.

And | he shall | live,  
And to him shall be given | of the | gold of |  
Sheba ;  
Prayer also shall be made for | him con |  
tinually ;  
And | daily | shall he be | praised.

There shall be an | handful of | corn  
In the earth upon the | top | of the | moun-  
tains ;  
The fruit thereof shall | shake like | Lebanon ;  
And they of the city shall | flourish like |  
grass of the | earth.

His name shall en | dure for | ever :  
His name shall be con | tinued as | long as  
the | sun :  
And men shall be | blessed in | him :  
All | nations shall | call him | blessed.

Blessed be the Lord God, the | God of |  
Israel,  
Who only | doeth | wondrous | things.  
And blessed be his glorious | name for |  
ever :  
And let the whole earth be filled with his glory |  
Amen | and A | men.

---

## 27.

TRULY God is | good to | Israel,  
Even to such as | are of | a clean | heart.  
But as for me, my feet were | almost | gone ;  
My | steps had | well nigh | slipped.

For I was envious | at the | foolish,  
When I saw the pros | perity | of the | wicked.  
For there are no bands | in their | death :  
But | their | strength is | firm.

They are not in trouble as | other | men ;  
Neither are they | plagued like | other | men.  
Therefore pride compasseth them about | as  
a | chain ;  
Violence covereth | them | as a | garment.

Their eyes stand | out with | fatness :  
They have | more than | heart could | wish.  
They are corrupt, and speak wickedly con |  
cerning op | pression ;  
They | speak | lofti | ly.

They set their mouth a | gainst the | heavens,  
And their tongue | walketh | through the |  
earth.  
Therefore his people re | turn | hither :  
And waters of a full cup | are wrung | out  
to | them.

And they say, How | doth God | know ?  
And is there | knowledge in | the most | high ?  
Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper |  
in the | world ;  
They | in | crease in | riches.

Verily I have cleansed my | heart in | vain,  
And washed my | hands in | inno | cency.  
For all the day long have | I been | plagued,  
And | chastened | every | morning.

If I say, I | will speak | thus ;  
Behold, I should offend against the gener |  
ation | of thy | children.  
When I thought | to know | this,  
It | was too | painful for | me ;

Until I went into the sanctuary | of | God :  
Then under | stood | I their | end.  
Surely thou didst set them in | slippery |  
places ;  
Thou castedst them | down in | to de | struc-  
tion.

How are they brought into desolation, as |  
in a | moment :  
They are utterly con | sumed | with | terrors.  
As a dream when | one a | waketh ;  
So, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou | shalt  
de | spise their | image.

Thus my | heart was | grieved,  
And I was | pricked | in my | reins.  
So foolish was | I, and | ignorant ;  
I was | as a | beast be | fore thee.

Nevertheless I am continually | with | thee :  
Thou hast holden | me by | my right | hand.  
Thou shalt guide me | with thy | counsel,  
And afterward re | ceive | me to | glory.



Whom have I in | heaven but | thee :  
 And there is none upon earth that | I de |  
     sire be | side thee.  
 My flesh and my | heart | faileth ;  
 But God is the strength of my heart, and my |  
     por | tion for | ever.

För, lo, they that are far from | thee shall |  
     perish ;  
 Thou hast destroyed all them that | go a |  
     whoring | from thee.  
 But it is good for me to draw | near to | God :  
 I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I  
     may de | clare | all thy | works.

---

## 28.

HOW amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord  
     of | hosts !  
 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the  
     courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh  
     crieth out | for the | living | God.  
 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and  
     the swallow a nest for herself, where she  
     may | lay her | young,  
 Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my |  
     King | and my | God.

Blessed are they that dwell | in thy | house :  
They will | be still | praising | thee.  
Blessed is the man whose strength | is in |  
thee.  
In whose heart | are the | ways of | them.

Who passing through the valley of Baca |  
make it a | well ;  
The rain | also | filleth the | pools.  
They go from | strength to | strength,  
Every one of them in Zion ap | peareth | be-  
fore | God.

O Lord God of hosts hear my prayer: give  
ear, O | God of | Jacob.  
Be | hold, O | God our | shield,  
And look upon the face of | thine a | nointed.  
For a day in thy courts is | better | than a |  
thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of  
my God, than to dwell in the | tents of |  
wickedness.  
For the Lord God | is a | sun and | shield :  
The Lord will give grace and glory ; no  
good thing will he withhold from them that |  
walk up | rightly.  
O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that |  
trust | eth in | thee.

## 29.

LORD, thou hast been favourable un | to  
thy | land :

Thou hast brought back the cap | tivi | ty  
of | Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity | of thy |  
people,

Thou hast | covered | all their | sin.

Thou hast taken away | all thy | wrath :

Thou hast turned thyself from the | fierceness |  
of thine | anger.

Turn us, O God of | our sal | vation.

And cause thine anger | toward | us to | cease.

Wilt thou be angry with | us for | ever ?

Wilt thou draw out thine | anger to | all  
gener | ations ?

Wilt thou not revive | us a | gain :

That thy people | may re | joice in | thee ?

Show us thy | mercy, O | Lord

And | grant us | thy sal | vation.

I will hear what God the | Lord will | speak :

For he will speak peace unto his people,  
and to his saints, but let them not | turn a |  
gain to | folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh | them that | fear  
him :

That glory may | dwell | in our | land.

Mercy and truth are | met to | gether :

Righteousness and | peace have | kissed each |  
other.

Truth shall spring out | of the | earth :  
And righteousness | shall look | down from |  
heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall give that | which is | good;  
And our | land shall | yield her | increase.

Righteousness shall | go be | fore him ;  
And shall set us in the | way | of his | steps.

---

## 30.

BOW down thine ear O | Lord | hear me :  
For | I am | poor and | needy.  
Preserve my soul : for | I am | holy.  
Thou my God, save thy servant that | trust |  
eth in | thee.

Be merciful unto | me, O | Lord :  
For I | cry un | to thee | daily.  
Rejoice the soul | of thy | servant :  
For unto thee, O Lord, do | I lift | up my |  
soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready | to for |  
give ;  
And plenteous in mercy unto all | them that |  
call up | on thee.  
Give ear, O Lord, un | to my | prayer ;  
And attend to the voice | of my | suppli |  
cations.

In the day of my trouble I will | call up | on  
thee,  
For | thou wilt | answer me.  
Among the gods there is none like unto | thee  
O | Lord :  
Neither are there any works | like un | to  
thy | works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come  
and worship be | fore thee, O | Lord :  
And shall | glori | fy thy | name.  
For thou art great, and doest wondrous |  
things :  
Thou | art | God a | lone.

Teach me thy way, O Lord ; I will walk | in  
thy | truth :  
Unite my | heart to | fear thy | name,  
I will praise, thee O Lord my God, with | all  
my | heart :  
And I will glorify thy | name for | ever | more.

For great is thy | mercy | toward me :  
And thou hast delivered my soul | from the |  
lowest | hell,  
O God, the proud are | risen a | gainst me.  
And the assemblies of violent men have  
sought after my soul ; and have | not set |  
thee be | fore them.

But thou, O Lord, art a God, full of com |  
passion, and | gracious,  
Longsuffering, and plenteous | in | mercy  
and | truth.  
O turn unto me, and have | mercy up | on me :  
Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save  
the | son | of thine | handmaid.

Shew me a | token for | good ;  
That they which hate me may see | it, and |  
be a | shamed.  
Because thou, Lord, hast | holpen | me,  
And | com | forted | me.

---

## 31.

LORD, thou hast been our | dwelling | place  
In | all | gener | ations.  
Before the mountains were brought forth, or  
ever thou hadst formed the earth | and the |  
world,  
Even from everlasting to ever | lasting, | thou  
art | God.

Thou turnest man | to de | struction ;  
And sayest, Return, ye | chil | dren of | men.  
For a thousand years in thy sight are but as  
yesterday when | it is | past,  
And as a | watch | in the | night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they  
are | as a | sleep :  
In the morning they are like | grass which |  
groweth | up.  
In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth |  
up ;  
In the evening it is cut | down, and | wither |  
eth.

For we are consumed | by thine | anger,  
And by thy | wrath | are we | troubled.  
Thou hast set our iniqui | ties be | fore thee,  
Our secret sins in the light | of thy | counte |  
nance.

For all our days are passed away | in thy |  
wrath :  
We spend our years | as a | tale that is | told.  
The days of our years are threescore years  
and ten ; and if by reason of strength they  
be | fourscore | years,  
Yet is their strength labour and sorrow ; for  
it is soon cut off | and we | fly a | way.

Who knoweth the power | of thine | anger ?  
Even according to thy | fear, so | is thy |  
wrath.  
So teach us to | number our | days,  
That we may apply our | hearts | unto | wis-  
dom.

Return, O | Lord, how | long ?  
And let it repent | thee con | cerning thy |  
servants.

O satisfy us early | with thy | mercy ;  
That we may rejoice and be | glad | all our |  
days.

Make us glad according to to the days wherein  
thou hast af | flicted | us,  
And the years where | in we | have seen | evil.  
Let thy work appear un | to thy | servants,  
And thy | glory un | to their | children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God | be  
up | on us ;  
And establish thou the work of our hands  
upon us ; yea, the work of our | hands es |  
tablish thou | it.

---

## 32.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of | the  
most | high  
Shall abide under the | shadow of | the Al |  
mighty.  
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge | and  
my | fortress :  
My God ; in | him | will I | trust.



Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare | of  
the | fowler,  
And | from the | noisome | pestilence.  
He shall cover thee with his feathers, and  
under his wings | shalt thou | trust :  
His truth shall | be thy | shield and | buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the | terror by |  
night ;  
Nor for the | arrow that | flieth by | day ;  
Nor for the pestilence that | walketh in |  
darkness :  
Nor for the destruction that | wast | eth at |  
noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten  
thousand at | thy right | hand ;  
But it | shall not | come nigh | thee.  
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see  
the reward | of the | wicked.  
Because thou hast made the Lord, which is  
my refuge, even the most | high, thy |  
habi | tation ;

There shall no | evil be | fall thee,  
Neither shall any | plague come | nigh thy |  
dwelling.  
For he shall give his angels charge | over |  
thee,  
To | keep thee in | all thy | ways.

They shall bear thee up | in their | hands,  
Lest thou dash thy | foot a | gainst a | stone  
Thou shalt tread upon the | lion and | adder :  
The young lion and the dragon shalt thou |  
trample | under | feet.

Because he hath set his | love up | on me,  
Therefore will | I de | liver | him :  
I will set | him on | high,  
Because | he hath | known my | name.

He shall call upon me, and I will | answer |  
him :  
I will | be with | him in | trouble ;  
I will deliver him, and | honour | him.  
With long life will I satisfy him, and | show  
him | my sal | vation.

---

## 33.

IT is a good thing to give thanks un | to  
the | Lord,  
And to sing praises unto thy | name | O most |  
high :  
To show forth thy lovingkindness | in the |  
morning,  
And thy | faithfulness | every | night,  
Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up |  
on the | psaltery ;  
Upon the harp | with a | solemn | sound.  
For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through  
thy | work :  
I will triumph in the | works | of thy | hands.

O Lord, how great | are thy | works !  
And thy | thoughts are | very | deep.  
A brutish man | knoweth | not ;  
Neither doth a | fool | understand | this.

When the wicked spring as the grass, and  
when all the workers of iniqui | ty do |  
flourish ;  
It is that they shall be de | stroyed | for |  
ever :  
But | thou | Lord,  
Art most | high for | ever | more.

For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for lo, thine  
ene | mies shall | perish ;  
All the workers of iniquity | shall be | scat-  
ter | ed.  
But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn |  
of an | unicorn ;  
I shall be a | noited | with fresh | oil.

Mine eye also shall see my desire | on mine |  
enemies,  
And mine ears shall hear my desire of the  
wicked that | rise | up a | gainst me.  
The righteous shall flourish | like the | palm  
tree :  
He shall grow like a | ce | dar in | Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house | of the |  
Lord  
Shall flourish in the | courts | of our | God.  
They shall still bring forth fruit | in old |  
age ;  
They shall be | fat and | flourish | ing ;

To show that the | Lord is | upright :  
He is my rock, and there is no un | righteous |  
ness in | him.

---

## 34.

THE | Lord | reigneth,  
He is | clothed with | majes | ty :  
The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith  
he hath | girded him | self :  
The world also is established that it | can |  
not be | moved.

Thy throne is establish | ed of | old :  
Thou | art from | ever | lasting.  
The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods  
have lifted | up their | voice !  
The | floods lift | up their | waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise  
of | many | waters,  
Yea, than the mighty | waves | of the | sea.  
Thy testimonies are | very | sure :  
Holiness becometh thine | house, O | Lord,  
for | ever.

## 35.

O COME, let us sing un | to the | Lord :  
Let us make a joyful noise to the | rock  
of | our sal | vation.  
Let us come before his presence | with thanks |  
giving.  
And make a joyful noise | unto | him with |  
psalms.

For the Lord is | a great | God,  
And a great | King a | bove all | gods.  
In his hand are the deep places | of the |  
earth :  
The strength of the | hills is | his | also.

The sea is his | and he | made it ;  
And his hands | formed | the dry | land.  
O come, let us worship | and bow | down :  
Let us kneel be | fore the | Lord our | maker.

For he | is our | God ;  
And we are the people of his pasture, and the |  
sheep | of his | hand.  
To-day if ye will | hear his | voice,  
Harden not your heart, as in the provocation,  
and as in the day of temptation | in the |  
wilder | ness :

When your fathers | tempted | me,  
Proved | me, and | saw my | work.  
Forty years long was I grieved with this  
gener | ation, and | said,  
It is a people that do err in their heart, and  
they | have not | known my | ways :

Unto whom I swear | in my | wrath  
That they should not | enter in | to my | rest.

---

## 36.

O SING unto the Lord | a new | song :  
Sing unto the | Lord | all the earth.  
Sing unto the Lord | bless his | name ;  
Show forth his sal | vation from | day to | day.

Declare his glory a | mong the | heathen,  
His | wonders a | mong all | people.  
For the Lord is great, and greatly | to be |  
praised :  
He is to be | feared a | bove all | gods.

For all the gods of the | nations are | idols :  
But the | Lord | made the | heavens.  
Honour and majesty | are be | fore him :  
Strength and beauty are | in his | sanctu | ary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds | of the |  
people,  
Give unto the | Lord | glory and | strength.  
Give unto the Lord the glory due un | to his |  
name :  
Bring an offering, and | come in | to his |  
courts.

O worship the Lord in the | beauty of |  
holiness :  
Fear be | fore him | all the | earth.  
Say among the heathen that the | Lord |  
reigneth :  
The world also shall be established that | it  
shall | not be | moved.

He shall judge the | people | righteously.  
Let the heavens rejoice, and | let the | earth  
be | glad ;  
Let the sea roar, and the | fulness there | of,  
Let the field be joyful, and | all that | is  
there | in.

Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice  
be | fore the | Lord ;  
For he cometh, for he | cometh to | judge  
the | earth :  
He shall judge the world with | righteous |  
ness,  
And the people | with his | truth.

## 37.

THE Lord reigneth ; let the | earth re | joice,  
Let the multitude of | isles be | glad there | of.  
Clouds and darkness are | round a | bout him :  
Righteousness and judgment are the habi |  
tation | of his | throne.

A fire | goeth be | fore him.  
And burneth up his | enemies | round a | bout.  
His lightnings en | lightened the | world,  
The | earth | saw, and | trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence | of  
the | Lord,  
At the presence of the | Lord of | the whole |  
earth.  
The heavens declare his | righteous | ness,  
And all the | people | see his | glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven  
images, that boast them | selves of | idols :  
Worship | him, | all ye | gods.  
Zion heard, | and was | glad ;  
And the daughters of Judah rejoiced because |  
of thy | judgments, O | Lord.

For thou, Lord, art high above | all the | earth :  
Thou art exalted | far a | bove all | gods.  
Ye that love the | Lord, hate | evil :  
He preserveth the souls of his saints ; he  
delivereth them out of the | hand | of the |  
wicked.



Light is sown | for the | righteous,  
And gladness for the | up | right in | heart.  
Rejoice in the | Lord, ye | righteous;  
And give thanks at the remembrance | of  
his | holi | ness.

---

## 38.

O SING unto the Lord | a new | song ;  
For he | hath done | marvellous | things :  
His right hand, and his | holy | arm,  
Hath | gotten | him the | victory.

The Lord hath made known | his sal | vation :  
His righteousness hath he openly showed in  
the | sight | of the | heathen.  
He hath remembered his mercy and his truth  
toward the | house of | Israel :  
All the ends of the earth have seen the sal |  
vation | of our | God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the |  
earth :  
Make a loud noise, and re | joice, | and sing |  
praise.  
Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp ;  
With the harp, and the | voice | of a | psalm.

With trumpets and | sound of | cornet,  
Make a joyful noise be | fore the | Lord,  
the | King.

Let the sea roar, and the | fulness there | of,  
The world, and | they that | dwell there | in.

Let the floods | clap their | hands  
Let the hills be joyful to | gether be | fore  
the | Lord :

For he cometh to | judge the | earth,  
With righteousness shall he judge the world,  
and the | people with | equi | ty.

---

### 39.

BLESS the Lord | O my | soul :  
And all that is within me | bless his | holy |  
name.

Bless the Lord | O my | soul,  
And for | get not | all his | benefits :

Who forgiveth all thine in | iqui | ties ;  
Who | healeth all | thy dis | eases ;  
Who redeemeth thy life | from de | struction ;  
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness |  
and | tender | mercies ;

Who satisfieth thy mouth | with good | things;  
So that thy youth is re | newed | like the |  
eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judg-  
ment for all that | are op | pressed.  
He made known his ways unto Moses, his  
acts unto the | chil | dren of | Israel.

The Lord is merci | ful and | gracious,  
Slow to anger, and | plenteous | in | mercy.  
He will not | always | chide :  
Neither will he keep his | an | ger for | ever.

He hath not dealt with us | after our | sins ;  
Nor rewarded us ac | cording to | our in |  
iquities.  
For as the heaven is high a | bove the | earth,  
So great is his mercy | toward | them that |  
fear him.

As far as the east is | from the | west,  
So far hath he removed | our trans | gressions |  
from us.  
Like as a father | pitieth his | children,  
So the Lord pitieth | them that | fear | him.

For he | knoweth our | frame ;  
He remembereth | that | we are | dust.  
As for man, his days | are as | grass :  
As a flower of the field, | so he | flourish | eth.

For the wind passeth over it, and | it is | gone,  
And the place there | of shall | know it no |  
more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting  
to everlasting upon | them that | fear him,  
And his righteousness | unto | children's |  
children ;

To such as | keep his | covenant,  
And to those that remember his com | mand |  
ments to | do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne | in the |  
heavens ;

And his kingdom | ruleth | over | all.

Bless the Lord | ye his | angels,  
That | ex | cel in | strength,  
That do | his com | mandments,  
Hearkening unto the | voice | of his | word.

Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts ;  
Ye ministers of | his, that | do his | pleasure.  
Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of |  
his do | minion :  
Bless the | Lord | O my | soul.

# 40.

BLESS the Lord | O my | soul.

O Lord my God, thou art very great, thou  
art clothed with | ho | nour and | majesty.  
Who coverest thyself with light as | with a |  
garment :

Who stretchest out the | heavens | like a |  
curtain :

Who layeth the beams of his chambers | in  
the | waters :

Who maketh the clouds his chariot : who  
walketh upon the | wings | of the | wind :

Who maketh his | angels | spirits ;

His minis | ters a | flaming | fire.

Who laid the foundations | of the | earth,  
That it should not be re | moved | for | ever.  
Thou coveredst it with the deep as | with a |  
garment :

The waters | stood a | bove the | mountains.

At thy re | buke they | fled ;  
At the voice of thy thunder | they | hasted  
a | way.

They go up | by the | mountains ;  
They go down by the valleys unto the place  
which thou hast | found | ed for | them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may | not  
pass | over ;

That they turn not a | gain to | cover the |  
earth.

He sendeth the springs in | to the | valleys,  
Which | run a | mong the | hills.

They give drink to every beast | of the | field :  
The wild | asses | quench their | thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have  
their | habi | tation,

Which | sing a | mong the | branches.

He watereth the hills | from his | chambers :  
The earth is satisfied with the | fruit | of thy |  
works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,  
and herb for the | service of | man :  
That he may bring forth | food out | of the |  
earth ;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,  
and oil to make his | face to | shine,  
And bread which | strengtheneth | man's |  
heart  
The trees of the Lord are | full of | sap ;  
The cedars of Leba | non, which | he hath |  
planted ;

Where the birds | make their | nests :  
As for the stork, the | fir trees | are her |  
house.  
The high hills are a refuge for | the wild |  
goats ;  
And the | rocks | for the | conies.

He appointed the | moon for | seasons :  
The sun | knoweth his | going | down.  
Thou makest darkness, and | it is | night :  
Wherein all the beasts of the | forest | do  
creep | forth.

The young lions roar after | their | prey,  
And | seek their | meat from | God.  
The sun ariseth, they gather them | selves  
to | gether,  
And lay them | down | in their | dens.

Man goeth forth un | to his | work  
And to his labour | un | til the | evening.  
O Lord, how manifold | are thy | works !  
In wisdom | hast thou | made them | all :

The earth is full | of thy | riches :  
So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things  
creeping innumerable, both | small | and  
great | beasts.  
There | go the | ships :  
There is that leviathan, whom thou hast |  
made to | play there | in.

These wait all | upon | thee,  
That thou mayest give thom their | meat | in  
due | season.  
That thou givest | them they | gather :  
Thou openest thine hand | they are | filled  
with | good.

Thou hidest thy face | they are | troubled :  
Thou takest away their breath, they die, and  
re | turn | to their | dust.  
Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they | are cre |  
ated :  
And thou renewest the | face | of the | earth.

The glory of the Lord shall en | dure for |  
ever :  
The Lord shall re | joice | in his | works.  
He looketh on the earth | and it | trembleth :  
He toucheth the | hills | and they | smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long | as I | live :  
I will sing praise to my God | while I | have  
my | being.

My meditation of him | shall be | sweet :  
I will be | glad | in the | Lord.

Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth,  
and let the wicked | be no | more.

Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. | Praise | ye  
the | Lord.

---

## 41.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for | he is |  
good :

For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

Let the redeemed of the | Lord | say so,

Whom he hath redeemed from the hand | of  
the | ene | my ;

And gathered them out | of the | lands,

From the east, and from the west, from the |  
north, and | from the | south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a | soli-  
tary | way ;

They | found no | city to | dwell in.

Hungry | and | thirsty,

Their | soul | fainted | in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord | in their |  
trouble,

And he delivered them | out of | their dis |  
tresses.



And he led them forth by | the right | way,  
That they might go to a | city of | habi |  
tation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord | for his |  
goodness,  
And for his wonderful works to the | chil |  
dren of | men.

For he satisfieth the | longing | soul,  
And filleth the | hungry | soul with | good-  
ness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the | shadow  
of | death ;  
Being bound in af | flic | tion and | iron ;

Because they rebelled against the | words of |  
God,  
And contemned the | counsel | of the most |  
High :  
Therefore he brought down their | heart with |  
labour :  
They fell down, and | there was | none to |  
help.

Then they cried unto the Lord | in their |  
trouble,  
And he saved them | out of | their dis | tresses.  
He brought them out of darkness and the |  
shadow of | death,  
And | brake their | bands in | sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord | for his |  
goodness,  
And for his wonderful works to the | chil |  
dren of | men !  
For he hath broken the | gates of | brass,  
And cut the | bars of | iron in | sunder.

Fools because of | their trans | gression,  
And because of their in | iquities | are af |  
flicted.  
Their soul abhorreth all | manner of | meat ;  
And they draw near un | to the | gates of |  
death.

Then they cry unto the Lord | in their | trouble,  
And he saveth them | out of | their dis | tresses.  
He sent his word, and | healed | them,  
And delivered | them from | their de | struc-  
tions.

Oh that men would praise the Lord | for his |  
goodness,  
And for his wonderful works to the | chil |  
dren of | men !  
And let them sacrifice the sacrifices | of thanks |  
giving,  
And declare his | works | with re | joicing.

They that go down to the | sea in | ships,  
That do | business | in great | waters ;  
These see the works | of the | Lord,  
And his | wonders | in the | deep.

For he commandeth and raiseth the | stormy |  
wind,  
Which lifteth | up the | waves there | of.  
They mount up to the heaven, they go down  
again | to the | depths :  
Their soul is | melted be | cause of | trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a | drunk-  
en | man,  
And are | at | their wit's | end.  
Then they cry unto the Lord | in their | trouble,  
And he bringeth them | out of | their dis |  
tresses.

He maketh the | storm a | calm,  
So that the | waves there | of are | still.  
Then are they glad because | they be | quiet,  
So he bringeth them unto | their de | sired |  
haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord | for his |  
goodness,  
And for his wonderful works to the | chil | dren  
of | men !  
Let them exalt him also in the congregation |  
of the | people,  
And praise him in the as | sembly | of the |  
elders.

He turneth rivers into a | wilder | ness,  
And the watersprings | in | to dry | ground ;  
A fruitful land | into | barrenness,  
For the wickedness of | them that | dwell  
there | in.

He turneth the wilderness into a | standing |  
water,  
And dry ground | into | water | springs.  
And there he maketh the | hungry to | dwell,  
That they may prepare a city | for | habi | ta-  
tion.

And sow the fields | and plant | vineyards,  
Which | may yield | fruits of | increase.  
He blesseth them also, so that they are multi |  
plied | greatly ;  
And suffereth not their | cattle | to de | crease.

Again they are minished and brought low |  
through op | pression,  
Af | flic | tion, and | sorrow.  
He poureth contempt | upon | princes,  
And causeth them to wander in the wilder-  
ness | where there | is no | way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high | from af |  
fliction,  
And maketh him | families | like a | flock.  
The righteous shall see it | and re | joice :  
And all in | iquity shall | stop her | mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will ob | serve these |  
things,  
Even they shall understand the loving | kind-  
ness | of the | Lord.

## 42.

THE Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at |  
my right | hand,  
Until I make thine | ene | miesthy | footstool.  
The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength |  
out of | Zion :  
Rule thou in the midst | of thine | ene | mies.

Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy  
power, in the beauties of holiness from the  
womb | of the | morning :  
Thou hast the | dew | of thy | youth.  
The Lord hath sworn, and will | not re | pent,  
Thou art a priest for ever after the order | of  
Mel | chize | dek.

The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through  
kings in the day | of his | wrath.  
He shall judge among the heathen, he shall  
fill the | places with | the dead | bodies ;  
He shall wound the heads over | many |  
countries.  
He shall drink of the brook in the way :  
therefore shall | he lift | up the | head.

---

## 43.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord.  
I will praise the | Lord with | my whole |  
heart,  
In the assembly | of the | upright,  
And | in the | congre | gation.

The works of the | Lord are | great,  
Sought out of all them | that have | pleasure  
there | in.

His work is honour | able and | glorious ;  
And his righteousness en | dur | eth for | ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to | be re |  
membered :

The Lord is gracious and | full | of com |  
passion.

He hath given meat unto | them that | fear  
him :

He will ever be | mindful | of his | covenant.]

He hath showed his people the power | of  
his | works :

That he may give them the | heritage | of  
the | heathen.

The works of his hands are | verity and |  
judgment :

All his com | mand | ments are | sure.

They stand fast for | ever and | ever,  
And are done in | truth and | upright | ness.

He sent redemption un | to his | people :

He hath commanded his | cove | nant for |  
ever.

Holy and reverend | is his | name :

The fear of the Lord is the | be | ginning of |  
wisdom.

A good understanding have all they that | do  
his com | mandments :

His praise en | dur | eth for | ever.

## 44.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord.

Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the |  
name | of the | Lord.

Blessed be the name | of the | Lord,  
From this time forth and | for | ever | more.

From the rising of the sun unto the going  
down | of the | same,

The Lord's | name is | to be | praised.

The Lord is high a | bove all | nations,

And his | glory a | bove the | heavens.

Who is like unto the | Lord our | God,

Who | dwell | eth on | high ?

Who humbleth himself to behold the things  
that | are in | heaven,

And | in | the | earth !

He raiseth up the poor out | of the | dust,

And lifteth the | needy | out of the | dunghill :

That he may set | him with | princes,

Even with the | princes | of his | people.

He maketh the barren woman to keep house,  
and to be a joyful | mother of | children.

Praise | ye | the | Lord.

## 45.

WHEN Israel went | out of | Egypt,  
The house of Jacob from a | people of | strange  
lan | guage ;  
Judah was his | sanctu | ary,  
And | Israel | his do | minion.

The sea | saw it, and | fled :  
Jordan | was | driven | back.  
The mountains | skipped like | rams,  
And the | little | hills like | lambs.

What ailed thee, O thou sea | that thou | fled-  
dest ?  
Thou Jordan, that | thou wast | driven | back ?  
Ye mountains, that ye | skipped like | rams ;  
And ye | little | hills like | lambs ?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence | of the |  
Lord,  
At the presence | of the | God of | Jacob ;  
Which turned the rock into a | standing |  
water ;  
The flint into a | foun | tain of | waters.

## 46.

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto  
thy | name give | glory ;  
For thy mercy, and | for thy | truth's | sake.  
Wherefore should the | heathen | say,  
Where | is | now their | God ?



But our God is | in the | heavens :  
He hath done whatso | ever | he hath | pleased.  
Their idols are | silver and | gold,  
The | work | of men's | hands.

They have mouths | but they | speak not ;  
Eyes | have they | but they | see not :  
They have ears | but they | hear not :  
Noses | have they | but they | smell not :

They have hands | but they | handle not :  
Feet | have they | but they | walk not,  
Neither speak they | through their | throat.  
They that make | them are | like un | to them :

So is | every | one,  
That | trusteth | in | them.  
O Israel, trust thou | in the | Lord :  
He is their | help | and their | shield.

O house of Aaron, trust | in the | Lord :  
He is their | help | and their | shield.  
Ye that fear the Lord, trust | in the | Lord :  
He is their | help | and their | shield.

The Lord hath been | mindful | of us :  
He | will | bless | us :  
He will bless the | house of | Israel :  
He will | bless the | house of | Aaron.

He will bless them that | fear the | Lord,  
Both | small | and | great.  
The Lord shall increase you | more and | more,  
You | and | your | children.

Ye are blessed | of the | Lord,  
Which | made | heaven and | earth.  
The heaven, even the heavens | are the | Lord's:  
But the earth hath he given | to the | children  
of | men.

The dead praise | not the | Lord :  
Neither any that | go down | into | silence.  
But we will bless the Lord from this time forth  
and for | ever | more.  
Praise | the | Lord.

---

## 47.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord | all ye |  
lands.  
Serve the Lord with gladness: come before  
his | pre | sence with | singing.  
Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that  
hath made us, and not | we our | selves ;  
We are his people, and the | sheep | of his |  
pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into  
his | courts with | praise ;  
Be thankful unto | him, and | bless his | name.  
For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ever |  
lasting,  
And his truth en | dureth to | all gener | a-  
tions.

## 48.

I | LOVE the | Lord,  
Because he hath heard my voice | and my |  
suppli | cations.  
Because he hath inclined his ear | unto | me,  
Therefore will I call upon him as | long | as  
I | live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the  
pains of hell gat | hold up | on me :  
I | found | trouble and | sorrow.  
Then called I upon the name | of the | Lord ;  
O Lord, I beseech thee, de | li | ver my | soul.

Gracious is the | Lord, and | righteous ;  
Yea, our | God is | merci | ful.  
The Lord pre | serveth the | simple :  
I was brought low | and he | helped | me.

Return unto thy rest | O my | soul ;  
For the Lord hath dealt | bounti | fully | with  
thee.  
For thou hast delivered my | soul from | death,  
Mine eyes from tears, | and my | feet from |  
falling.

I will walk be | fore the | Lord  
In the | land | of the | living.  
I believed, therefore | have I | spoken :  
I | was | greatly af | flicted :

I said in my haste | All men are | liars.  
 What shall I render unto the Lord for all his |  
     benefits | toward | me ?  
 I will take the cup | of sal | vation,  
 And call upon the | name | of the | Lord.

I will pay my vows un | to the | Lord  
 Now in the | presence of | all his | people.  
 Precious in the sight | of the | Lord  
 Is the | death | of his | saints.

O Lord, truly I | am thy | servant ;  
 I am thy servant, and the son of thine hand-  
     maid : thou hast | loos | ed my | bonds.  
 I will offer to thee the sacrifice | of thanks |  
     giving,  
 And will call upon the | name | of the | Lord.

I will pay my vows un | to the | Lord  
 Now in the | presence of | all his | people.  
 In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst  
     of thee | O Je | rusalem.  
 Praise | ye | the | Lord.

---

## 49.

O PRAISE the Lord | all ye | nations :  
 Praise | him | all ye | people.  
 For his merciful kindness is great toward us :  
     and the truth of the Lord en | dureth for |  
     ever.  
 Praise | ye | the | Lord.

## 50.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord ; for | he is |  
good :

Because his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

Let Israel | now | say,

That his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

Let the house of | Aaron now | say,

That his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

Let them now that fear the | Lord | say,

That his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

I called upon the Lord | in dis | tress :

The Lord answered me, and set | me in | a  
large | place.

The Lord is on my side ; I | will not | fear :

What can | man do | unto | me ?

The Lord taketh my part with | them that |  
help me :

Therefore shall I see my desire | upon | them  
that | hate me.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put  
confidence | in | man.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put |  
confi | dence in | princes.

All nations compassed | me a | bout ;  
But in the name of the | Lord will | I de |  
stroy them.

They compassed me about ; yea, they com-  
passed | me a | bout.

But in the name of the | Lord I | will de |  
stroy them.

They compassed me a | bout like | bees ;  
They are quenched as the fire of thorns : for  
in the name of the | Lord I | will de | stroy  
them.

Thou hast thrust sore at me that | I might |  
fall :

But the | Lord | helped | me.

The Lord is my | strength and | song,  
And is be | come | my sal | vation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the  
tabernacles | of the | righteous :

The right hand of the | Lord | doeth | va-  
liantly.

The right hand of the Lord | is ex | alted ;  
The right hand of the | Lord | doeth | vali-  
antly.

I shall not | die, but | live,  
And declare the | works | of the | Lord.

The Lord hath chastened | me | sore :  
But he hath not given me | over | unto | death.  
Open to me the gates of | righteous | ness :  
I will go into them, and | I will | praise the |  
Lord :

This gate | of the | Lord,  
Into | which the | righteous shall | enter.  
I | will praise | thee :  
For thou hast heard me, and art be | come |  
my sal | vation.

The stone which the | builders re | fused,  
Is become the | head stone | of the | corner.  
This is the | Lord's | doing ;  
It is | marvellous | in our | eyes.

This is the day which the | Lord hath | made ;  
We will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.  
Save now, I beseech | thee, O | Lord ;  
O Lord, I beseech thee, send | now pros |  
peri | ty.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name | of  
the | Lord :  
We have blessed you out of the | house | of  
the | Lord,  
God is the Lord, which hath | showed us |  
light :  
Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the |  
horns | of the | altar.

Thou art my God, and | I will | praise thee :  
Thou art my | God, I | will ex | alt thee.  
O give thanks unto the Lord ; for | he is |  
good :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

## 51.

## ✠ ALEPH.

BLESSED are the undefiled | in the | way,  
 Who walk in the | law | of the | Lord.  
 Blessed are they that keep his | testi | monies.  
 And that | seek him | with the whole | heart.

They also do no in | iqui | ty :  
 They | walk | in his | ways.  
 Thou hast com | manded | us  
 To keep thy | precepts | dili | gently.

O that my ways were directed to | keep thy |  
 statutes !  
 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have  
 respect unto | all | thy com | mandments.  
 I will praise thee with uprightness | of | heart,  
 When I shall have | learned thy | righteous |  
 judgments.

I will | keep thy | statutes :  
 O for | sake | me not | utterly.

## Ⲁ BETH.

Wherewithal shall a young man | cleanse his |  
 way ?  
 By taking heed thereto ac | cording | to thy |  
 word.  
 With my whole heart | have I | sought thee :  
 O let me not wander | from | thy com | mand-  
 ments.



Thy word have I hid | in mine | heart,  
That I | might not | sin a | gainst thee.  
Blessed art | thou, O | Lord :  
Teach | me | thy | statutes.

With my lips have | I de | clared  
All the | judgments | of thy | mouth.  
I have rejoiced in the way of thy | testi |  
monies,  
As | much as | in all | riches.

I will meditate | in thy | precepts,  
And have re | spect un | to thy | ways.  
I will delight myself | in thy | statutes :  
I will | not for | get thy | word.

## A GIMEL.

Deal bountifully | with thy | servant,  
That I may | live, and | keep thy | word.  
Open | thou mine | eyes,  
That I may behold wondrous | things out | of  
thy | law.

I am a stranger | in the | earth :  
Hide not | thy com | mandments | from me.  
My soul breaketh for the longing | that it |  
hath  
Unto thy | judgments | at all | times.

Thou hast rebuked the proud | that are |  
cursed,  
Which do | err from | thy com | mandments.  
Remove from me reproach | and con | tempt :  
For I have | kept thy | testi | monies.

Princes also do sit and | speak a | gainst me :  
But thy servant did | meditate | in thy |  
statutes.

Thy testimonies also are | my de | light,  
And | my | counsel | lors.

## 7 DALETH.

My soul cleaveth un | to the | dust :  
Quicken thou me ac | cording | to thy | word.  
I have declared my ways, and thou | heard-  
edst | me :  
Teach | me | thy | statutes.

Make me to understand the way | of thy |  
precepts :  
So shall I talk | of thy | wondrous | works.  
My soul melteth for | heavi | ness :  
Strengthen thou me according | un | to thy |  
word.

Remove from me the | way of | lying :  
And grant me | thy law | gracious | ly.  
I have chosen the | way of | truth :  
Thy judgments | have I | laid be | fore me.

I have stuck unto thy | testi | monies :  
O Lord | put me | not to | shame.  
I will run the way of | thy com | mandments,  
When thou | shalt en | large my | heart.

## 7 HE.

Teach me, O Lord, the way | of thy | statutes;  
 And I shall keep | it un | to the | end.  
 Give me understanding, and I shall | keep  
 thy law;  
 Yea, I shall observe | it with | my whole |  
 heart.

Make me to go in the path of | thy com |  
 mandments;  
 For there | in do | I de | light.  
 Incline my heart unto thy | testi | monies,  
 And | not to | covetous | ness.

Turn away mine eyes from be | holding |  
 vanity;  
 And quicken | thou me | in thy | way.  
 Stablish thy word un | to thy | servant,  
 Who is de | voted | to thy | fear.

Turn away my reproach | which I | fear :  
 For thy | judg | ments are | good.  
 Behold, I have longed | after thy | precepts :  
 Quicken me | in thy | righteous | ness.

## 1 VAU.

Let thy mercies come also unto | me, O | Lord,  
 Even thy salvation, ac | cording | to thy |  
 word.  
 So shall I have wherewith to answer him that  
 re | proacheth | me.  
 For | I trust | in thy | word.

And take not the word of truth utterly out |  
 of my | mouth ;  
 For I have | hoped | in thy | judgments.  
 So shall I keep thy | law con | tinually  
 For | ev | er and | ever.

And I will | walk at | liberty :  
 For | I | seek thy | precepts.  
 I will speak of thy testimonies also be | fore |  
 kings,  
 And | will not | be a | shamed.

And I will delight myself in | thy com |  
 mandments,  
 Which | I | have | loved.  
 My hands also will I lift up unto thy com-  
 mandments, which | I have | loved :  
 And I will | meditate | in thy | statutes.

#### 1 ZAIN.

Remember the word un | to thy | servant,  
 Upon which thou hast | caused | me to | hope.  
 This is my comfort in | my af | fliction :  
 For thy | word hath | quickened | me.

The proud have had me greatly | in de | rision :  
 Yet have I not de | clined | from thy | law.  
 I remembered thy judgments of | old, O |  
 Lord ;  
 And have | comfort | ed my | self.

Horror hath taken hold upon me because of  
 the wicked that for | sake thy | law.  
 Thy statutes have been my songs in the house |  
 of my | pilgrim | age.  
 I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the  
 night, and have | kept thy | law.  
 This I had, be | cause I | kept thy | precepts.

¶ CHETH.

Thou art my | portion, O | Lord :  
 I have said that | I would | keep thy | words.  
 I intreated thy favour with | my whole | heart :  
 Be merciful unto me ac | cording | to thy |  
 word.

I thought | on my | ways,  
 And turned my feet un | to thy | testi |  
 monies.  
 I | made | haste,  
 And delayed not to | keep | thy com | mand-  
 ments.

The bands of the wicked have | robbed | me :  
 But I have | not for | gotten thy | law.  
 At midnight I will rise to give thanks | unto |  
 thee  
 Because | of thy | righteous | judgments.

I am a companion of all | them that | fear thee,  
 And of | them that | keep thy | precepts.  
 The earth, O Lord, is full | of thy | mercy :  
 Teach | me | thy | statutes.

## D TETH.

Thou hast dealt well with thy | servant, O |  
 Lord,  
 According | un | to thy | word.  
 Teach me good | judgment and | knowledge :  
 For I have be | lieved | thy com | mandments.

Before I was afflicted I | went a | stray :  
 But now | have I | kept thy | word.  
 Thou art good, and | doest | good ;  
 Teach | me | thy | statutes.

The proud have forged a | lie a | gainst me :  
 But I will keep thy precepts | with | my  
 whole | heart.  
 Their heart is as | fat as | grease ;  
 But I de | light | in thy | law.

It is good for me that I have | been af | flicted ;  
 That | I might | learn thy | statutes.  
 The law | of thy | mouth  
 Is better unto me than | thousands of | gold  
 and | silver.

## JOD.

Thy hands have made me and | fashioned |  
 me :  
 Give me understanding that I may | learn |  
 thy com | mandments.  
 They that fear thee will be glad when | they  
 see | me ;  
 Because I have | hoped | in thy | word.

I know, O Lord, that thy | judgments are |  
 right,  
 And that thou in faithfulness | hast af |  
 flicted | me.  
 Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be |  
 for my | comfort,  
 According to thy | word un | to thy | servant.

Let thy tender mercies come unto me, that |  
 I may | live :  
 For thy | law is | my de | light.  
 Let the proud | be a | shamed :  
 For they have dealt perversely with | me  
 . with | out a | cause ;

But I will meditate | in thy | precepts.  
 Let those that fear thee turn unto me, and  
 those that have | known thy | testi | monies.  
 Let my heart be sound | in thy | statutes ;  
 That | I be | not a | shamed.

## D CAPH.

My soul fainteth for | thy sal | vation :  
 But I | hope | in thy | word.  
 Mine eyes fail | for thy | word,  
 Saying, When | wilt thou | comfort | me ?

For I am become like a bottle | in the | smoke ;  
 Yet do I | not for | get thy | statutes.  
 How many are the days | of thy | servant ?  
 When wilt thou execute judgment on | them  
 that | perse | cute me ?

The proud have digged | pits for | me,  
 Which | are not | after thy | law.  
 All thy com | mandments are | faithful :  
 They persecute me | wrongfully | help thou |  
 me.

They had almost consumed me | upon | earth :  
 But | I for | sook not thy | precepts.  
 Quicken me after thy | loving | kindness ;  
 So shall I keep the testi | mony | of thy |  
 mouth.

### 5 LAMED.

For | ever, O | Lord,  
 Thy | word is | settled in | heaven.  
 Thy faithfulness is unto | all gener | ations :  
 Thou hast established the | earth, and | it a |  
 bideth.

They continue this day according to thine |  
 ordi | nances :  
 For | all | are thy | servants.  
 Unless thy law had been | my de | lights,  
 I should then have | perished in | mine af |  
 fliction.

I will never for | get thy | precepts :  
 For with them | thou hast | quickened | me.  
 I am | thine, save | me ;  
 For | I have | sought thy | precepts.



The wicked have waited for me | to de | stroy  
me :

But I will con | sider thy | testi | monies.

I have seen an end of | all per | fection :

But thy commandment | is ex | ceeding |  
broad.

## D MEM.

O how love | I thy | law !

It is my medi | tation | all the | day.

Thou through thy commandments hast made  
me wiser than mine | ene | mies :

For | they are | ever with | me.

I have more understanding than | all my |  
teachers :

For thy testimonies | are my | medi | tation.

I understand more | than the | ancients,

Be | cause I | keep thy | precepts.

I have refrained my feet from every | evil |  
way,

That | I might | keep thy | word.

I have not departed | from thy | judgments :

For | thou hast | taught | me.

How sweet are thy words un | to my | taste !

Yea, sweeter than | honey | to my | mouth.

Through thy precepts I get | under | standing :

Therefore | I hate | every false | way.

## J NUN.

Thy word is a lamp un | to my | feet,  
And a | light un | to my | path.  
I have sworn, and I | will per | form it,  
That I will | keep thy | righteous | judg-  
ments.

I am afflicted | very | much :  
Quicken me, O Lord, according | un | to thy |  
word.  
Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings  
of my | mouth, O | Lord,  
And | teach | me thy | judgments.

My soul is continually | in my | hand :  
Yet do I | not for | get thy | law.  
The wicked have laid a | snare for | me :  
Yet I | erred not | from thy | precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as an heri |  
tage for | ever :  
For they are the re | joicing | of my | heart.  
I have inclined my heart to perform thy |  
statutes al | way,  
Even | un | to the | end.

## D SAMECH.

I | hate vain | thoughts :  
But thy | law | do I | love.  
Thou art my hiding place | and my | shield :  
I | hope | in thy | word.

Depart from me, ye | evil | doers :  
 For I will keep the com | mandments | of  
 my | God.  
 Uphold me according unto thy word, that | I  
 may | live :  
 And let me not be a | shamed | of my | hope.

Hold thou me up, and I | shall be | safe :  
 And I will have respect unto thy statutes |  
 con | tinual | ly.  
 Thou hast trodden down all them that err |  
 from thy | statutes :  
 For | their de | ceit is | falsehood.

Thou putttest away all the wicked of the |  
 earth like | dross :  
 Therefore I | love thy | testi | monies.  
 My flesh trembleth for | fear of | thee ;  
 And I am a | fraid | of thy | judgments.

Y AIN.

I have done | judgment and | justice :  
 Leave me | not to | mine op | pressors.  
 Be surety for thy | servant for | good :  
 Let | not the | proud op | press me.

Mine eyes fail for | thy sal | vation,  
 And for the word | of thy | righteous | ness.  
 Deal with thy servant according un | to thy |  
 mercy,  
 And | teach | me thy | statutes.

I | am thy | servant ;  
Give me understanding, that | I may | know  
thy | testimonies.  
It is time for thee | Lord, to | work :  
For they | have made | void thy | law.

Therefore I love thy commandments | above |  
gold.  
Yea | a | bove fine | gold.  
Therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning  
all things | to be | right ;  
And | I hate | every false | way.

## D PE.

Thy testimonies | are | wonderful :  
Therefore | doth my | soul keep | them.  
The entrance of thy words | giveth | light ;  
It giveth understanding | un | to the | simple.

I opened my | mouth, and | panted :  
For I | longed for | thy com | mandments.  
Look thou upon me, and be merciful | unto |  
me,  
As thou usest to do unto | those that | love  
thy | name.

Order my steps | in thy | word ;  
And let not any iniquity have do | minion |  
over | me.  
Deliver me from the op | pression of | man :  
So | will I | keep thy | precepts.

Make thy face to shine up | on thy | servant ;  
 And | teach | me thy | statutes.  
 Rivers of water run | down mine | eyes,  
 Because they | keep | not thy | law.

## Y TZADDI.

Righteous art | thou, O | Lord,  
 And | upright | are thy | judgments.  
 Thy testimonies that thou | hast com | manded  
 Are | righteous and | very | faithful.

My zeal hath con | sumed | me,  
 Because mine enemies | have for | gotten thy |  
 words.  
 Thy word is | very | pure :  
 Therefore thy | servant | loveth | it.

I am small | and des | pised ;  
 Yet do not | I for | get thy | precepts.  
 Thy righteousness is an everlasting | righ-  
 teous | ness,  
 And thy | law | is the | truth.

Trouble and anguish have taken | hold on | me :  
 Yet thy com | mandments are | my de | lights.  
 The righteousness of thy testimonies is |  
 ever | lasting :  
 Give me understanding | and | I shall | live.

## P KOPH.

I cried with | my whole | heart ;  
 Hear me, O Lord | I will | keep thy | statutes.  
 I cried | unto | thee ;  
 Save me, and I shall | keep thy | testi | monies.

I prevented the dawning of the | morning, and |  
 cried :  
 I | hoped | in thy | word.  
 Mine eyes prevent | the night | watches,  
 That I might | meditate | in thy | word.

Hear my voice according to thy | loving |  
 kindness :  
 O Lord, quicken me ac | cording | to thy |  
 judgment.  
 They draw nigh that follow | after | mischief :  
 They are | far | from thy | law.

Thou art | near, O | Lord ;  
 And all | thy com | mandments are | truth.  
 Concerning thy | testi | monies,  
 I have known of old that thou hast | founded |  
 them for | ever.

## 7 RESH.

Consider mine affliction, and de | liver | me :  
 For I do | not for | get thy | law.  
 Plead my cause and de | liver | me :  
 Quicken me, ac | cording | to thy | word.

Salvation is far | from the | wicked :  
For they | seek | not thy | statutes.  
Great are thy tender | mercies, O | Lord :  
Quicken me ac | cording | to thy | judgments.

Many are my persecutors and mine | ene |  
mies :  
Yet do I not decline | from thy | testi | monies.  
I beheld the transgressors | and was | grieved ;  
Because they | kept | not thy | word.

Consider how I | love thy | precepts :  
Quicken me, O Lord, according | to thy |  
loving | kindness.  
Thy word is true from | the be | ginning :  
And every one of thy righteous judgments  
en | dur | eth for | ever.

## W SCHIN.

Princes have persecuted me with | out a |  
cause :  
But my heart standeth in | awe | of thy | word.  
I rejoice | at thy | word,  
As one that | find | eth great | spoil.

I hate and ab | hor | lying :  
But thy | law | do I | love.  
Seven times a day | do I | praise thee,  
Because | of thy | righteous | judgments.

Great peace have they which | love thy | law :  
 And | nothing | shall of | fend them.  
 Lord, I have hoped for | thy sal | vation,  
 And | done | thy com | mandments.

My soul hath kept thy | testi | monies ;  
 And I love | them ex | ceeding | ly.  
 I have kept thy precepts and thy | testi |  
 monies :  
 For all my | ways | are be | fore thee.

7 TAU.

Let my cry come near before | thee, O | Lord :  
 Give me understanding ac | cording | to thy |  
 word.  
 Let my supplication | come be | fore thee :  
 Deliver me ac | cording | to thy | word.

My lips shall | utter | praise,  
 When thou hast | taught | me thy | statutes.  
 My tongue shall speak | of thy | word ;  
 For all thy com | mandments are | righteous |  
 ness.

Let | thine hand | help me ;  
 For | I have | chosen thy | precepts.  
 I have longed for thy sal | vation, O | Lord ;  
 And thy | law is | my de | light.

Let my soul live, and | it shall | praise thee ;  
 And | let thy | judgments | help me.  
 I have gone astray like a lost sheep | seek thy |  
 servant ;  
 For I do not for | get | thy com | mandments.



## 52.

I WILL lift up mine eyes un | to the | hills,  
From | whence | cometh my | help.  
My help cometh | from the | Lord,  
Which | made | heaven and | earth.

He will not suffer thy foot | to be | moved :  
He that keepeth | thee | will not | slumber.  
Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel  
Shall neither | slum | ber nor | sleep.

The Lord | is thy | keeper :  
The Lord is thy shade up | on | thy right |  
hand.  
The sun shall not smite | thee by | day,  
Nor the | moon | by | night.

The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil ;  
He | shall pre | serve thy | soul.  
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and  
thy | coming | in,  
From this time forth, and | even for | ever |  
more.

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## 53.

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivi | ty  
of | Zion,  
We | were like | them that | dream.  
Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and  
our | tongue with | singing :  
Then said they among the heathen, The Lord  
hath | done great | things for | them.

The Lord hath done great | things for | us ;  
Where | of | we are | glad.  
Turn again our captivi | ty, O | Lord,  
As the | streams | in the | south.

They that sow in tears shall | reap in | joy.  
He that goeth forth and weepeth | bearing |  
precious | seed,  
Shall doubtless come again | with re | joicing,  
Bringing | his | sheaves with | him.

---

## 54.

EXCEPT the Lord build the house, they  
labour in | vain that | build it ;  
Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman |  
waketh | but in | vain.  
It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up  
late, to eat the | bread of | sorrow :  
For so he giveth | his be | loved | sleep.

Lo, children are an heritage | of the | Lord .  
And the fruit of the | womb is | his re | ward.  
As arrows are in the hand of a | mighty | man,  
So are | children | of the | youth.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver | full  
of | them :  
They shall not be ashamed, but they shall  
speak with the | enemies | in the | gate.

## 55.

LORD, my heart | is not | haughty,  
Nor | mine | eyes | lofty :  
Neither do I exercise myself | in great |  
    matters,  
Or in | things too | high for | me.

Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as  
    a child that is weaned | of his | mother.  
My soul is even | as a | weaned | child.  
Let Israel hope | in the | Lord,  
From | henceforth | and for | ever.

---

## 56.

LORD, re | member | David,  
And | all | his af | fictions :  
How he sware un | to the | Lord,  
And vowed unto the | mighty | God of |  
    Jacob,

Surely I will not come into the tabernacle |  
    of my | house,  
Nor go | up in | to my | bed ;  
I will not give sleep | to mine | eyes,  
Or | slumber | to mine | eyelids,

Until I find out a place | for the | Lord,  
An habitation for the | mighty | God of |  
    Jacob.

Lo, we heard of it | at E | phratah :  
We found it in the | fields | of the | wood.

We will go into his | taber | nacles :  
We will | worship | at his | footstool.  
Arise, O Lord, in | to thy | rest ;  
Thou and the | ark | of thy | strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with | righteous |  
ness ;  
And let thy | saints | shout for | joy.  
For thy servant | David's | sake,  
Turn not away the | face of | thine a | nointed.

The Lord hath sworn in truth | unto | David :  
He | will not | turn from | it ;  
Of the fruit | of thy | body  
Will I | set up | on thy | throne.

If thy children will keep my covenant and my  
testimony that | I shall | teach them,  
Their children shall also sit upon thy | throne  
for | evermore.  
For the Lord hath | chosen | Zion ;  
He hath desired it | for his | habi | tation.

This is my | rest for | ever :  
Here will I dwell ; for I | have de | sired | it.  
I will abundantly bless | her pro | vision ;  
I will satis | fy her | poor with | bread.

I will also clothe her priests | with sal | va-  
tion :

And her saints shall | shout a | loud for | joy:  
There will I make the horn of | David to |  
bud :

I have ordained a | lamp for | mine a | nointed.

His enemies will I | clothe with | shame ;  
But upon him | self shall | his crown | flourish.

## 57.

BEHOLD, how good and how | pleasant  
it | is

For brethren to | dwell to | gether in | unity !

It is like the precious ointment up | on the |  
head,

That ran down upon the beard | even |  
Aaron's | beard :

That went down to the skirts | of his |  
garments ;

As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that  
descended up | on the | mountains of |  
Zion :

For there the Lord com | manded the |  
blessing.

Even | life for | ever | more.

## 58.

BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye  
servants | of the | Lord,  
Which by night stand in the | house | of the |  
Lord.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary,  
and | bless the | Lord.

The Lord that made heaven and earth | bless  
thee | out of | Zion.

## 59.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord : for | he is |  
good :

For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

O give thanks unto the | God of | gods ;

For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

O give thanks to the | Lord of | lords :

For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

To him who alone | doeth great | wonders :

For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

To him that by wisdom | made the | heavens :

For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

To him that stretched out the earth a | bove  
the | waters :

For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

To him that | made great | lights :

For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

The sun to | rule by | day :

For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

The moon and stars to | rule by | night :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.  
To him that smote Egypt | in their | firstborn :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

And brought out Israel | from a | mong them :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.  
With a strong hand, and with a | stretched  
out | arm :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

To him which divided the Red sea | into |  
parts :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.  
And made Israel to pass through the | midst  
of | it :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in | the  
Red | sea :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.  
To him which led his people through the |  
wilder | ness :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

To him which | smote great | kings :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.  
And slew | famous | kings :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

Sihon, king of the | Amor | ites :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for ever.  
And Og, the | king of | Bashan :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

And gave their land for an | heri | tage :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.  
Even an heritage unto Isra | el his | servant :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

Who remembered us in our | low es | tate :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.  
And hath redeemed us from our | ene | mies :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

Who giveth food | to all | flesh :  
For his mercy en | dureth for | ever.  
O give thanks unto the | God of | heaven :  
For his mercy en | dur | eth for | ever.

---

## 60.

I WILL praise thee with | my whole | heart :  
Before the gods will I sing | praise | unto |  
thee.  
I will worship toward thy | holy | temple,  
And praise thy name for thy lovingkindness |  
and | for thy | truth :



For thou hast magnified thy word above | all  
thy | name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me,  
and strengthened me with | strength | in  
my | soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise | thee,  
O | Lord,

When they hear the | words | of thy | mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways | of the | Lord:  
For great is the | glory | of the | Lord.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect  
un | to the | lowly :

But the proud he | knoweth | afar | off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou |  
wilt re | vive me ;

Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against  
the wrath of mine enemies, and | thy right |  
hand shall | save me.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth  
me : thy mercy, O Lord, en | dureth for |  
ever :

Forsake not the | works of | thine own | hands.

---

## 61.

O LORD, thou hast searched | me, and |  
known me.

Thou knowest my down | sitting and | mine  
up | rising ;

Thou understandest my thought | afar | off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down,  
and art acquainted | with | all my | ways.

For there is not a word | in my | tongue,  
But, lo, O Lord, thou | knowest it | alto | ge-  
ther.

Thou hast beset me behind | and be | fore,  
And | laid thine | hand up | on me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful | for | me ;  
It is high, I cannot at | tain | unto | it.  
Whither shall I go | from thy | spirit :  
Or whither shall I | flee | from thy | presence ?

If I ascend up into heaven | thou art | there :  
If I make my bed in hell, be | hold | thou art |  
there.

If I take the wings | of the | morning,  
And dwell in the uttermost | parts | of the |  
sea,

Even there shall thy | hand lead | me,  
And | thy right | hand shall | hold me.  
If I say, Surely the darkness shall | cover |  
me ;  
Even the night | shall be | light a | bout me.

Yea, the darkness hideth | not from | thee :  
But the night | shineth | as the | day ;  
The darkness | and the | light  
Are | both a | like to | thee.

For thou hast possessed | my | reins :  
Thou hast covered me | in my | mother's |  
womb.  
I will | praise | thee ;  
For I am fearfully and | wonder | fully | made.

Marvellous | are thy | works ;  
And that my | soul | knoweth right | well.  
My substance was not hid from thee when I  
was | made in | secret ;  
And curiously wrought in the lowest | parts |  
of the | earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet | being  
un | perfect ;  
And in thy book | all my | members were |  
written,  
Which in continu | ance were | fashioned,  
When as yet | there was | none of | them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto | me,  
O | God !  
How great | is the | sum of | them !  
If I should count them, they are more in num-  
ber | than the | sand :  
When I awake | I am | still with | thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the | wicked O | God ;  
Depart from me | therefore, ye | bloody | men.  
For they speak a | gainst thee | wickedly ;  
And thine enemies | take thy | name in | vain.

Do not I hate them, O Lord | that hate | thee ?  
And am not I grieved with those that | rise |  
up a | gainst thee ?  
I hate them with | perfect | hatred ;  
I count | them mine | ene | mies.

Search me, O God, and | know my | heart ;  
Try | me, and | know my | thoughts :  
And see if there be any wicked | way in | me ;  
And lead me in the | way | ever | lasting.

---

## 62.

I WILL extol thee, my | God, O | king ;  
And I will bless thy | name for | ever and |  
ever.  
Every day | will I | bless thee ;  
And I will praise thy | name for | ever and |  
ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly | to be | praised,  
And his greatness | is un | searcha | ble.  
One generation shall praise thy works | to an |  
other,  
And shall de | clare thy | mighty | acts.

I will speak of the glorious honour | of thy |  
majesty,  
And | of thy | wondrous | works.  
And men shall speak of the might of thy |  
terrible | acts :  
And I | will de | clare thy | greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of |  
thy great | goodness,  
And shall sing | of thy | righteous | ness.  
The Lord is gracious, and full | of com |  
passion ;  
Slow to anger | and of | great | mercy.

The Lord is | good to | all :  
And his tender mercies are | over | all his |  
works.

All thy works shall praise | thee, O | Lord ;  
And | thy | saints shall | bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory | of thy | king-  
dom,  
And | talk | of thy | power ;  
To make known to the sons of men his |  
mighty | acts,  
And the glorious | majesty | of his | kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an ever | lasting | kingdom,  
And thy dominion endureth through | out  
all | gener | ations.  
The Lord upholdeth | all that | fall,  
And raiseth up all those | that be | bowed |  
down.

The eyes of all wait | upon | thee ;  
And thou givest them their | meat | in due |  
season.  
Thou openest | thine | hand,  
And satisfiest the desire of | every | living |  
thing.

The Lord is righteous in | all his | ways,  
And holy | in | all his | works.  
The Lord is nigh unto all them that | call  
upon | him,  
To all that | call up | on him in | truth.

He will fulfil the desire of | them that | fear  
him :

He also will hear their | cry | and will | save  
them.

The Lord preserveth all | them that | love  
him :

But all the | wicked will | he de | stroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise | of the |  
Lord :

And let all flesh bless his holy name for |  
ev | er and | ever.

---

## 63.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord.

Praise the | Lord | O my | soul.

While I live will I | praise the | Lord :

I will sing praises unto my God | while I |  
have my | being.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the | son  
of | man,

In whom | there | is no | help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth | to his |  
earth ;

In that | day | his thoughts | perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob | for  
his | help,  
Whose hope is | in the | Lord his | God :  
Who made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all  
that | therein | is :  
Who | keepeth | truth for | ever.

Who executeth judgment for the oppressed :  
who giveth food | to the | hungry.  
The Lord looseth the prisoners : the Lord  
openeth the | eyes | of the | blind :  
The Lord raiseth them that are | bowed |  
down :  
The | Lord | loveth the | righteous :

The Lord preserveth the strangers ; he relieveth  
the fatherless | and the | widow :  
But the way of the wicked he | turneth |  
upside | down.  
The Lord shall | reign for | ever,  
Even thy God, O Zion | unto | all gener |  
ations.

---

## 64.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord :  
For it is good to sing praises | un | to our |  
God ;  
For | it is | pleasant ;  
And | praise | is | comely.

The Lord doth build up Je | rusa | lem :  
He gathereth together the | out | casts of |  
Israel.

He healeth the | broken in | heart,  
And | bindeth | up their | wounds.

He telleth the number | of the | stars ;  
He calleth them | all | by their | names.  
Great is our Lord, and | of great | power :  
His understanding | is | infi | nite.

The Lord lifteth | up the | meek :  
He casteth the wicked | down | to the |  
ground.  
Sing unto the Lord | with thanks | giving ;  
Sing praise upon the | harp un | to our | God :

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who  
prepareth rain | for the | earth,  
Who maketh grass to | grow up | on the |  
mountains.  
He giveth to the | beast his | food,  
And to the young | ra | vens which | cry.

He delighteth not in the strength | of the |  
horse :  
He taketh not pleasure in the | legs | of a |  
man.  
The Lord taketh pleasure in | them that | fear  
him,  
In those that | hope | in his | mercy.



Praise the Lord, O Je | rusa | lem ;  
Praise | thy | God, O | Zion.  
For he hath strengthened the bars | of thy |  
gates ;  
He hath blessed thy | chil | dren with | in  
thee.

He maketh peace | in thy | borders,  
And filleth thee with the | finest | of the |  
wheat.  
He sendeth forth his commandment | upon |  
earth :  
His word | runneth | very | swiftly.

He giveth | snow like | wool :  
He scattereth the | hoar | frost like | ashes.  
He casteth forth his | ice like | morsels :  
Who can | stand be | fore his | cold ?

He sendeth out his word, and | melteth | them :  
He causeth his wind to blow | and the |  
waters | flow.  
He showeth his word | unto | Jacob,  
His statutes and his | judgments | unto |  
Israel.

He hath not dealt so with | any | nation :  
And as for his judgments, they have not known  
them | Praise | ye the | Lord.

## 65.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord.  
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens | praise  
him | in the | heights.  
Praise ye him | all his | angels :  
Praise ye | him | all his | hosts.

Praise ye him | sun and | moon :  
Praise him | all ye | stars of | light.  
Praise him, ye | heavens of | heavens,  
And ye waters that | be a | bove the | heavens.

Let them praise the name | of the | Lord :  
For he commanded, and | they | were cre |  
ated.  
He hath also stablished them for | ever and |  
ever :  
He hath made a de | cree which | shall not |  
pass.

Praise the Lord | from the | earth,  
Ye | dragons | and all | deeps :  
Fire and hail | snow, and | vapours :  
Stormy | wind ful | filling his | word :

Mountains | and all | hills ;  
Fruitful | trees | and all | cedars :  
Beasts | and all | cattle :  
Creeping | things, and | flying | fowl :

Kings of the earth | and all | people ;  
Princes, and all | judges | of the | earth :  
Both young | men, and | maidens ;  
Old | men | and | children :

Let them praise the name | of the | Lord :  
For his name alone is excellent ; his glory is  
a | bove the | earth and | heaven.  
He also exalteth the horn of his people, the  
praise of | all his | saints ;  
Even of the children of Israel, a people near  
unto him | Praise | ye the | Lord.

---

## 66.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord.  
Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise  
in the | congre | gation of | saints.  
Let Israel rejoice in | him that | made him :  
Let the children of Zion be | joyful | in their |  
King.

Let them praise his name | in the | dance :  
Let them sing praises unto him | with the |  
timbrel and | harp.  
For the Lord taketh pleasure | in his | people :  
He will beautify the | meek | with sal | vation.

Let the saints be | joyful in | glory :  
Let them sing a | loud up | on their | beds.  
Let the high praises of God be | in their |  
mouth,  
And a two edged | sword | in their | hand ;

To execute vengeance up | on the | heathen,  
And punish | ments up | on the | people ;  
To bind their | kings with | chains,  
And their nobles with | fet | ters of | iron ;

To execute upon them the | judgment |  
written :

This honour have all his saints | Praise | ye  
the | Lord.

---

67.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord.

Praise God in his sanctuary : praise him in  
the | firmament | of his | power.

Praise him for his | mighty | acts :

Praise him according to his | ex | cellent |  
greatness.

Praise him with the sound | of the | trumpet :

Praise him with the | psal | tery and | harp.

Praise him with the | timbrel and | dance :

Praise him with stringed | instru | ments and |  
organs.

Praise him upon | the loud | cymbals :

Praise him upon the | high | sounding | cym-  
bals.

Let every thing that hath breath | praise the |  
Lord.

Praise | ye | the | Lord.

## Chants and Anthems.

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### 1.

- O ALL ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.
- O ye angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.
- O ye heavens of the Lord, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.
- O ye waters that be above the firmament, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.
- O all ye powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord ; praise him and magnify him for ever.
- O ye sun and moon, O ye stars of heaven, O ye showers and dew, O ye winds of God, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.
- O ye fire and heat, O ye winter and summer, O ye dews and frosts, O ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye ice and snow, O ye nights and days, O ye light and darkness, O ye lightnings and clouds, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O let the earth bless the Lord ; yea, let it praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye wells, O ye seas and floods, O ye whales, O ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye children of men, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O let Israel bless the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye priests of the Lord, O ye servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, O ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, bless ye the Lord : praise him and magnify him for ever.

## 2.

MY soul doth magni | fy the | Lord,  
And my spirit hath re | joiced in | God, my |  
Saviour.  
For he | hath re | garded  
The lowli | ness of | his hand | maiden :

For behold | from hence | forth  
All gener | ations shall | call me | blessed.  
For he that is mighty hath | magnified | me ;  
And | holy | is his | name.

And his mercy is on | them that | fear him  
Through | out all | gener | ations.  
He hath showed strength | with his | arm ;  
He hath scattered the proud in the imagin |  
ation | of their | hearts.

He hath put down the mighty | from their |  
seat,  
And hath ex | alted the | humble and | meek.  
He hath filled the hungry | with good | things ;  
And the rich he | hath sent | empty a | way.

He, remembering his mercy, hath helped his |  
servant | Israel ;  
As he promised to our forefathers, Abraham |  
and his | seed for | ever.

## 3.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, | Lord God Al | mighty,  
Early in the morning shall our | song a | rise  
to | thee ;  
Holy, Holy, Holy ! | merciful and | mighty,  
Je | hovah ! | Father of e | ternity.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! | all the saints a | dore  
thee,  
Casting down their golden | crowns a | round  
the glassy | sea ;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling | down be |  
fore thee,  
Who wast, and art, and | ever | more shalt |  
be.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! | though the darkness |  
hide thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy | glory |  
may not | see,  
Only thou art holy, there is | none beside |  
thee,  
Perfect in | power, in | love, and | purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, | Lord God Al | mighty,  
All thy works shall praise thy name, in | earth,  
and | sky, and | sea :  
Holy, Holy, Holy ! | merciful and | mighty,  
Je | hovah ; | Father of e | ternity !



4.

**HALLELUJAH !**

For the Lord God om | nipotent | reigneth.

The kingdoms of this world are become the  
kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ,  
and he shall | reign for | ever and | ever.

**Hallelujah !**

We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty  
who art, and wast, and | art to | come :

King of | kings, and | Lord of | lords.

**Hallelujah !**

Salvation unto our God who sitteth upon the  
throne and | unto the | Lamb.

A | men ! Halle | lujah, A | men.

**Hallelujah !**

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanks-  
giving, and honour, and | power, and |  
might,

Be unto our | God for | ever and | ever.  
Amen. Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

## 5.

“ THY will be | done !” || In devious way  
The hurrying stream of | life may | run ||  
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say |  
“ Thy will be | done !” ||

“ Thy will be | done !” || If o’er us shine  
A gladdening and a | prosp’rous | sun ||  
This prayer will make it more divine |  
“ Thy will be | done !” ||

“ Thy will be | done !” || Though shrouded o’er  
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one  
Is ours :—to breathe, while we adore |  
“ Thy will be | done !” ||

---

6.

THE chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll in  
fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the | pomp of  
his | ire ;  
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of | cloud,  
And the heavens with the burden of | Godhead  
are | bow’d.

The glory ! the glory ! around him are | pour'd,  
 The myriads of angels that | wait on the |  
 Lord ;  
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are |  
 there,  
 And all who the palm-wreaths of | victory |  
 wear.

The trumpet ! the trumpet ! the dead have  
 all | heard,  
 Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd | monu-  
 ments | stirr'd ;  
 From ocean and earth, from the south pole  
 and | north,  
 Lo, the vast generations of | ages come | forth.

The judgment ! the judgment ! the thrones  
 are all | set,  
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested | elders  
 are | met ;  
 All flesh is at once in the sight of the | Lord,  
 And the doom of eternity | hangs on his |  
 word.

O mercy ! O mercy ! look down from a | bove,  
 Redeemer, on us, thy sad | children with |  
 love :  
 When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked  
 are | driven,  
 May our justified souls find a | welcome in |  
 heaven.

Amen !

## 7.

THERE is a river of immortal peace,  
 Clear springing from the high e | ternal |  
     throne ||  
 Which flows in blissful streams through | all  
     the | groves  
 Of | Paradise ;

                    From this eternal spring  
 Some little rivulets descend, to cheer  
 The | city of our | God ||  
                     The sacred place  
 Of | his a | bode on | earth ;

                    Though all around  
 Be discord and com | motion ||  
                     She shall dwell  
 Unmov'd, serene, and | safe, for | God is |  
     there :

His arm omnipotent is | ever | near ||  
 Her present | help, her | all-sufficient | guard.  
 The Lord of | Hosts is | with us ||  
                     Israel's God  
 Is our defence, our | ever | lasting | refuge.

---

## 8.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit  
 My humble prayer ascends, O | Father | hear it!  
 Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meek-  
     ness ||  
                     For | give its | weakness.

I know—I feel how mean, how unworthy  
 The lowly sacrifice I | pour be | fore thee :  
 What can I offer thee, O thou most holy ! ||  
 But | sin and | folly.

Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,  
 Cold in our warmest vows, and | vain our |  
 truest ;  
 Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat  
 them ||

Our | hearts for | get them.

We see thy hand—it leads—it supports us :  
 We hear thy voice—it | counsels, and it |  
 courts us ;  
 And then we turn away ! and still thy kind-  
 ness ||

For | gives our | blindness.

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing  
 To every generous thought and | grateful |  
 feeling !  
 Oh ! who can hear the accents of thy mercy,  
 And | never | love thee ?

Kind Benefactor ! plant within this bosom  
 The | seeds of | holiness || and let them blossom  
 In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal, ||  
 And | spring e | ternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,  
 Where angels walk, and | seraphs are the |  
 wardens ;  
 Where every flower, brought safe through  
 death's dark portal ||  
 Be | comes im | mortal.

## 9.

GOD is our refuge and defence,  
 Our shield his | dread Om | nipotence ||  
     Earth may be | neath us | shrink ||  
     The ancient mountains' hoar  
     Down in the | deep tide | sink ||  
     Let the wild deluge roar !  
 Jehovah is our | refuge and de | fence !

There is a river | calm and | pure ||  
 Whose streams refresh and well secure  
     The | dwelling place of | God ||  
     Blest city, fair and bright,  
     His favoured saints' abode,  
     Where the | Lord reigns in | light ||  
 No foe can shake his strong foun | dations |  
     sure.

God is our refuge and our shield,  
 What then can make us | fear or | yield ||  
     Wars at | his bidding | cease ||  
     He breaks the bow and spear,  
     He reigns in | truth and | peace ||  
     Let all adore and fear  
 Our God and Saviour | Israel's help and |  
     shield !

## 10.

AH ! when the infinite burden of life de |  
scendeth up | on us, ||  
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the |  
earth | in the | grave-yard,— ||  
Then it is good to pray | unto | God ; || for his  
sorrowing children  
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals  
and | helps | and con | soles them. ||

Yet it is better to pray when all things are |  
prosperous | with us, ||  
Pray in fortunate days, for | life's most | beau-  
tiful | Fortune ||  
Kneels down before the E | ternal's | throne ; ||  
and, with hands interfolded,  
Praises thankful and moved the | only | giver  
of | blessings. ||

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that  
comes | not from | Heaven ? ||  
What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that |  
it has | not re | ceived ? ||  
Therefore, fall in the | dust and | pray ! || The  
seraphs adoring  
Cover with pinions six their faces in the glory  
of him who  
Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when  
the | world | he cre | ated. ||

Earth declareth his might, and the firmament |  
uttereth his | glory. ||  
Races blossom and die, and stars fall down-  
ward from heaven, |  
Downward like | withered | leaves ; || at the  
last | stroke of | midnight, || milleniums  
Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees  
them, but | counts | them as | nothing. ||

Who shall stand | in his | presence ? || The  
wrath of the Judge is terrific,  
Casting the insolent | down | at a | glance. ||  
When he speaks | in his | anger ||  
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains |  
leap like | the roe | buck. ||

Yet,—why are ye a | fraid, ye | children ? ||  
This awful avenger,  
Ah ! is a | merciful | God ! || God's voice was  
not in the earthquake,  
Not in the fire, nor | in the | storm, || but it  
was | in the | whispering | breezes. ||

Love is the root of cre | ation ; God's | es-  
sence ; || worlds without number  
Lie in his bosom like children ; he made them |  
for this | purpose | only. ||  
Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed  
forth his spirit  
Into the | slumbering | dust, || and upright  
standing, it laid its  
Hand on its heart, and felt it warm with a |  
flame | out of | heaven. ||



Quench, O quench not that flame ! It is the  
 breath | of your | being. ||  
 Love is | life, but | hatred is | death. || Not  
 father, nor mother  
 Loved you, as God has loved you ; for 'twas  
 that you may be happy  
 Gave he his | only | Son. || When he bowed  
 down his head in the death-hour  
 Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice |  
 then | was com | pleted. ||

Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the vail | of  
 the | temple, || dividing |  
 Earth and | heaven a | part, || and the dead  
 from their sepulchres rising  
 Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears  
 of each other  
 Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's  
 e | nigma,—A | tonement ! ||  
 Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for |  
 Love | is A | tonement. ||

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the |  
 merciful | Father ; ||  
 Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not  
 from | fear | but af | fection ; ||  
 Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart  
 that | loveth is | willing ; ||  
 Perfect was before God, and perfect is | Love, |  
 and Love | only. ||

Lovest thou God | as thou | oughtest, || then  
 lovest | thou like | wise thy | brethren; ||  
 One is the | sun in | heaven, || and one, only |  
 one, | is Love | also. ||

Bears not each human figure the godlike  
 stamp | on his | forehead? ||  
 Readest thou not in his | face thine | ori | gin? ||  
 Is he not sailing  
 Lost like thyself on an | ocean un | known, ||  
 and is he not guided  
 By the | same stars | that guide | thee? ||

Why shouldst thou hate | then  
 thy | brother? ||  
 Hateth | he | thee, for | give! || For 't is sweet  
 to stammer one letter  
 Of the E | ternal's | language;— || on earth it  
 is | call | ed For | giveness! ||

Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown  
 of thorns | round his | temples? ||  
 Earnestly prayed for his | foes, | for his | mur-  
 derers? || Say, dost thou | know him?  
 Ah! thou con | fessest his | name, || so fol-  
 low | likewise | his ex | ample, ||

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil |  
 over his | failings, ||  
 Guide the | er | ring a | right; || for the good,  
 the heavenly shepherd  
 Took the lost lamb | in his | arms, || and bore  
 it | back | to its | mother. ||

This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits |  
 that we | know it. ||  
 Love is the creature's | welfare, with | God ; ||  
 but Love among mortals  
 Is but an | endless | sigh ! || He longs and en-  
 dures, and stands waiting,  
 Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with |  
 tears | on his | eyelids. ||

---

11.

FAITH is the | sun of | life ; || and her counte-  
 nance shines like the prophet's,  
 For she has | looked | upon | God ; || the hea-  
 ven on its stable foundation  
 Draws she with chains | down to | earth, || and  
 the New Jerusalem sinketh  
 Splendid, with portals twelve | in golden |  
 vapors de | scending. ||

There en | raptured she | wanders, || and  
 looks | at the | figures ma | jestic, ||  
 Fears not the | wingèd | crowd, in the || midst  
 of them | all | is her | homestead. ||

Therefore love | and be | lieve ; || for works  
 will follow spontaneous  
 Even as | day | does the | sun ; || the Right  
 from the Good is an offspring,  
 Love in a | bodily | shape ; || and Christian  
 works are no more than  
 Animate love and faith, as flowers | are the |  
 animate | spring-tide. ||

## 14.

**LIGHT**, light in darkness ; the daylight dawns, raising the soul to the hope of glory. Truth comes to mortals brighter than sunshine. Man is advancing, led by the Most High, to endless ages of joy, and blessing infinite.

---

## 15.

**I STOOP**

Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud.  
It is but for a time : I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast ; its splendours soon or  
late  
Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge some  
day.

---

## 16.

**DEATH** is the shadow of life ; and as the tree  
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,  
So, in the light of great eternity,  
Life eminent creates the shade of death.  
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,  
But Love shall reign for ever over all.

## 17.

TO our high-raised phantasy, present  
That undisturbed song of pure concert,  
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne  
To Him that sits thereon,  
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee ;  
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,  
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;  
And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires ;  
With those just spirits that wear victorious  
palms,  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly :  
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
May nightly answer that melodious noise,  
As once we did—  
O may we soon again renew that song,  
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere  
long  
To his celestial concert us unite,  
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of  
light.

---

## 18.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts ;  
heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory  
be to thee, O Lord, most high.

## 12.

DEATH is the | brother of | Love, || twin-bro-  
 ther is he, and is only  
 More | austere | to be | hold. || With a kiss  
 upon the lips that are faded,  
 Takes he the | soul and de | parts, || and  
 rocked in the arms of affection,  
 Places the ransomed child, new-born, 'fore  
 the | face | of its | father. ||

Sounds of his coming al | ready I | hear,— ||  
 see | dim | ly his | pinions, ||  
 Swart as the night, but with stars | strewn  
 up | on them ! || I | fear | not be | fore him. ||

Death is only release, and in | mercy is |  
 mute. || On his bosom  
 Freer breathes | in its | coolness, my | breast ; ||  
 and face to face standing  
 Look I on God | as he | is, || a sun unpol | lu |  
 ted by vapours ; ||

Look on the light of ages I loved, the spirits  
 majestic,  
 Nobler, | better than | I ; || they stand by the  
 throne all transfigured,  
 Vested in white, | and with | harps of | gold, ||  
 and are singing an anthem,  
 Writ in the | climate of | heaven, || in the | lan-  
 guage | spoken by | angels. ||

You, in like manner, ye | children be | loved, ||  
 he | one | day shall | gather,  
 Never forgets | he the | weary ;— || then wel-  
 come, | ye loved | ones, here | after. ||

---

13.

CHILDREN | we are | all ||  
 Of | one | great | Father || in whatever clime  
 His providence hath cast the | seed of | life ||  
 All | tongues | all | colours ||

Neither after death  
 Shall we be sorted into | languages  
 And | tints— || white | black | and | tawny ||  
 Greek | and | Goth ||  
 Northmen and offspring of | hot | Afri | ca ||

The all | seeing | Father || He in | whom we |  
 live and | move ||  
 He, the impartial | Judge of | all || regards  
 Nations and hues, and | dia | lects a | like ||

According | to their | works || shall | they |  
 be | judged ||  
 When even-handed Justice | in the | scale ||  
 Their | good and | evil | weighs.

## 19.

**HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.  
God Almighty, who wast, and who art, and  
art to come.**

---

## 20.

**O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is  
gracious, and his mercy endureth for ever.**

---

## 21.

**HOLY! holy! Lord God Almighty! who  
was, and is, and is to come. Who shall not  
glorify thy name? for thou only art holy!  
thou only art the Lord.**

**To thee, cherubim and seraphim continually  
do cry, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven  
and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!**

---

## 22.

**SING aloud unto God our strength,  
Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.**



23.

O MAKE our hearts, blest God, thy dwelling  
place,

And in our breast  
Be pleased to rest,  
For thou such temples lovest best ;  
And cause that sin  
May not profane the Deity within,  
And sully o'er the ornaments of grace.

---

24.

IN peace at once will I  
Both lay me down and sleep ;  
For thou alone dost keep  
Me safe where'er I lie ;  
As in a rocky cell,  
Thou, Lord, alone, in safety makest me dwell.

---

25.

ART thou not from everlasting to everlasting,  
O Lord my God ! mine Holy One ?  
We shall not die.

## 26.

GLORY to God in the highest,  
And peace on earth ;  
Good will towards men.

---

## 27.

TO God, only wise, be glory, thro' Jesus  
Christ, for ever. Amen.

---

## 28.

NOW unto him that is able to do exceeding  
abundantly above all that we ask or think,  
according to the power that worketh in us,  
unto him be glory in the church by Christ  
Jesus throughout all ages, world without end.  
Amen.

---

## 29.

NOW our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and  
God, even our Father, which hath loved us,  
and hath given us everlasting consolation  
and good hope through grace, comfort your  
hearts, and stablish you in every good word  
and work.

## 30.

**NOW** unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

---

## 31.

**HAPPY** and blest are they who have endured;  
For though the body dies, the soul shall live  
for ever.

---

## 32.

**BLEST** are the departed,  
Who in the Lord are sleeping,  
From henceforth, for evermore.  
They rest from their labours,  
And their works do follow them.

## 33.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
Fill'd with dismay,  
Wait not for to-morrow,  
Yield thee to-day !  
    Heaven bids thee come,  
    While yet there 's room !  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Hear and obey.

Child of sin and sorrow,  
Why wilt thou die ?  
Come while thou canst borrow,  
Help from on high :  
    Grieve not that love,  
    Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

## **Hymns.**

---

### **1.—C.M.**

**AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray ;  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours celestial day.**

**O what a night was that which wrapt  
A sinful world in gloom !  
O what a sun which broke, this day  
Triumphant, from the tomb.**

**This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannahs sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.**

**Ten thousand joyful lips shall join,  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from above,  
To nations yet unborn.**

## 2.—L.M.

**ANOTHER** six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense to the skies ;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heavenly calm, within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

With joy, great God, thy works we view,  
In various scenes, both old and new ;  
With praise we think on mercies past ;  
With hope we future pleasures taste.

In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures pass away ;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

## 3.—L.M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

But I shall share a glorious part  
When grace hath well refined my heart ;  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin, my worst enemy before,  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

## 4.—L.M.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy house,  
And own, as grateful sacrifice  
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our labouring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress !  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin !  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death to rest with God.

---

5.—8.7.4.

IN thy courts, O Lord, assembling,  
We thy people now draw near ;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;  
Speak, and let thy servants hear ;  
Hear with meekness ;—  
Hear thy word with godly fear.



While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to thee ;  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be ;  
Till thy glory,  
Without cloud in heaven we see.

---

## 6.—S.M.

COME to the house of prayer ;  
O thou afflicted come !  
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;  
He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
Your knees together bow.

Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love :  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.

Ye young, before his throne  
Your cheerful anthems raise ;  
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,  
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all,  
Who see'st the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call.

Up to thy dwelling-place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heaven on earth be won.

---

7.—C.M.

GOD is a spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.

Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honour can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Thro' the disguise they wear.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice  
Where not the heart is found.

Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

---

8.—C.M.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God !  
With rays of beauty shine :  
O let thy favour crown our days,  
And all their round be thine.

Did we not raise our hearts to thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain ;  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If thou thy love restrain.

With thee let every week begin,  
With thee each day be spent,  
For thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labours cease,  
And heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace.

---

9.—C.M.

HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,  
From noise and trouble free !  
How beautiful the sweet accord  
Of souls that pray to thee.

Lord God of Hosts, that reign'st on high !  
They are the truly blest,  
Who only will on thee rely,  
In thee alone will rest.

They pass refresh'd the thirsty vale,  
The dry and barren ground,  
As through a fruitful, watery dale,  
Where springs and showers abound.

They journey on from strength to strength,  
With joy and gladsome cheer,  
Till all before our God at length,  
In Zion do appear.

For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
Gives grace and glory bright :  
No good from them shall be withheld,  
Whose ways are just and right.

---

10.—L.M.

WITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise ;  
Glad homage pay with pious mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinced that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed,  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

Oh, enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press,  
And still our grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.

For he 's the Lord, supremely good ;  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

## 11.—104TH.

MY soul, praise the Lord,  
Speak good of his name,  
His mercies record,  
His bounties proclaim.  
To God, their Creator,  
Let all creatures raise  
The song of thanksgiving,  
The chorus of praise.

Though hid from man's sight,  
God sits on his throne,  
Yet here, by his works,  
Their author is known.  
The world shines a mirror,  
Its Maker to show,  
And heaven views its image,  
Reflected below.

By knowledge supreme,  
By wisdom divine,  
God governs this earth  
With gracious design ;  
O'er beast, bird, and insect,  
His providence reigns,  
Whose will first created,  
Whose love still sustains.

And man, his last work,  
With reason endued,  
Who, falling through sin,  
By grace is renewed.  
To God his Creator,  
Let man ever raise,  
The song of thanksgiving,  
The chorus of praise.

---

## 12.—7.

SING ye praises to the Lord ;  
Bless his name with one accord,  
For it 's owing to his care,  
What we have and what we are.

He first made us by his pow'r ;  
He preserves us ev'ry hour ;  
Food and raiment, all are his,  
Present comfort, future bliss.

He directs our steps by day,  
Pointing out the safest way ;  
And at night, in mercy still,  
Guards us from all kinds of ill.

God forgave us, when undone,  
And redeem'd us by his Son.  
Raise your voices, then, and sing,  
Loud hosannahs to our King.

## 13.—7.

THOU who art enthroned above !  
Thou by whom we live and move !  
Thee we bless ; thy praise be sung,  
While an ear can hear a tongue.

O how sweet, how excellent,  
'Tis with tongue and heart's consent,—  
Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,  
To renown thy name in songs.

When the morning paints the skies,  
When the sparkling stars arise,  
Thy high favours to rehearse,  
Thy firm faith, in grateful verse.

Decks the spring with flowers the field ?  
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ?  
Giver of all good below !  
Lord ! from thee these blessings flow.

Who thy wonders can express ?  
All thy thoughts are fathomless :  
Lord, thou art most great, most high,  
Such from all eternity.

---

14.—7.

CLOTH'D with state, and girt with might,  
Monarch-like Jehovah reigns—  
He who earth's foundations pight,\*  
Pight at first, and yet sustains.  
He whose stable throne disdains  
Motion's shock and ages' flight,  
He who endless One remains,  
One, the same, in changeless plight.

\* Built.

Rivers, yea, though rivers roar,  
Roaring though sea-billows rise ;  
Vex the deep and break the shore,  
Stronger art thou, Lord of skies !  
Firm and true thy promise lies,  
Now and still as heretofore,  
Holy worship never dies,  
In thy house when we adore.

---

## 15.—8.7.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !  
Praise be thine from every tongue ;  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.  
Father ! Source of all compassion !  
Pure, unbounded grace is thine !  
Hail the God of our salvation !  
Praise him for his love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.  
Joyfully on earth adore him,  
Till in heaven our song we raise ;  
There, enraptured, fall before him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



## 16.—7.

LET us with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
For his mercies shall endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living he doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He his chosen race did bless,  
In the wasteful wilderness :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## 17.—7.

ALL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord,  
All ye lands, your voices raise :  
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For his truth and mercy stand,  
Past, and present, and to be,  
Like the years of his right hand,  
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love ;  
Praise him from the depths beneath ;  
Praise him in the heights above ;  
Praise your Maker all that breathe.

---

## 18.—L.M.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display ;  
And publishes to ev'ry land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth :

While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though no real voice, nor sound,  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

---

19.—10.11.

SING to the Lord! for his mercies are sure;  
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure.  
The wide-stretching earth, with its beauties all  
teeming,  
Its mountains, its valleys, or lofty or fair;  
The sun in his rising, the stars nightly  
gleaming,  
The sea in its depths—still his wonders  
declare.  
Sing to the Lord! for his mercies are sure;  
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure.

Sing to the Lord ! for his mercies are sure ;  
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure.  
Though by oppression his people sore troubled,  
    May suffer in bondage, or languish for light ;  
His mighty right arm, with a power redoubled,  
    Can tyranny quell, and redeem for the right.  
Sing to the Lord ! for his mercies are sure ;  
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure.

---

## 20.—L.M.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue !

Not now on Zion's height alone,  
The favour'd worshipper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength and beauty bend the knee,  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,  
To thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

## 21.—148TH.

ALL from the sun's uprise,  
Unto his setting rays,  
Resound in jubilees  
The great Jehovah's praise.  
Him serve alone ;  
In triumph bring  
Your gifts and song  
Before his throne.

Man drew from man his birth ;  
But God his noble frame,—  
Built of the ruddy earth,—  
Filled with celestial flame.  
His sons we are ;  
Sheep by him led,  
Preserved and fed  
With tender care.

O to his portals press,  
In your divine resorts :  
With thanks his power profess,  
And praise him in his courts.  
How good ! how pure !  
His mercies last :  
His promise past  
For ever sure.

## 22.—L.M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

---

## 23.—S.M.

THY name, Almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands ;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,  
Thy truth for ever stands.

Far be thine honour spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and ev'ning shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.

---

## 24.—S.M.

EXALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet ;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.

When Israel was his church,  
When Aaron was his priest,  
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,  
He gave his people rest.

Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race ;  
And oft he made his vengeance known,  
When they abus'd his grace.

Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same ;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

---

25.—L.M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;  
What lasting honours can we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

---

## 26.—C.M.

O GOD ! we praise thee, and confess  
That thou the only Lord,  
And everlasting Father art,  
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud ;  
To thee the powers on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
Continually do cry ;

O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
The world is with the glory filled  
Of thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,  
And prophets crowned with light,  
With all the martyrs' noble host,  
Thy constant praise recite.



The holy church throughout the world,  
O Lord, confesses thee,  
That thou the eternal Father art  
Of boundless majesty.

---

27.—L.M.

BOTH heaven and earth do worship thee,  
Thou Father of Eternity !  
With splendour from thy glory spread,  
Are heaven and earth replenished.

To thee all angels loudly cry,  
The heavens and all the powers on high,  
The apostles' glorious company,  
The prophets' fellowship praise thee.

The noble and victorious host  
Of martyrs make of thee their boast ;  
The holy church, in every place  
Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honour thee :  
Thy name we worship and adore,  
World without end for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,  
To keep us safe from sin this day :  
O Lord, have mercy on us all ;—  
Have mercy on us when we call !

## 28.—148TH.

HERE, gracious God ! do thou  
For evermore draw nigh ;  
Accept each faithful prayer,  
And mark each suppliant sigh :  
In copious shower,  
On all who pray  
This holy day,  
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we find from heaven  
The grace which we implore ;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore :  
Until that day  
When all the blest  
To endless rest  
Are called away.

---

## 29.—C.M.

LET all the just to God with joy  
Their cheerful voices raise ;  
For well the righteous it becomes  
To sing glad songs of praise.

By his almighty word at first  
The heavenly arch was reared ;  
And all the beauteous worlds of light  
At his command appeared.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees  
Shall stand for ever sure :  
The settled purpose of his heart  
To ages shall endure.

How happy, then, are they to whom  
The Lord our God is known ;  
Whom He, from all the world besides,  
Has chosen for his own !

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
Do thou to us extend ;  
Since we, for all we want or wish,  
On Thee alone depend.

---

### 30.—L.M.

O GOD, the Lord of place and time,  
Who orderest all things prudently ;  
Brightening with beams the opening prime,  
And glowing in the mid-day sky :

Quench thou the fires of hate and strife,  
The wasting fever of the heart ;  
From perils guard our feeble life,  
And to our souls thy peace impart.

---

### 31.—C.M.

O GOD, unchangeable and true,  
Of all the life and power,  
Dispensing light and silence through  
Every successive hour :

Lord, brighten our declining day,  
That it may never wane,  
Till death, when all things round decay,  
Brings back the morn again.

---

### 32.—P.M.

To God on high be thanks and praise,  
Who deigns our bonds to sever ;  
His cares our drooping souls upraise,  
And harm shall reach us never.  
On him we rest with faith assured,  
Of all that live the mighty Lord,  
For ever and for ever !

---

### 33.—L.M.

SHALL man confine his Maker's sway  
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone ?  
Thy temple is the face of day,  
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star  
Through trackless realms of ether's space ;  
Who calm'st the elemental war,  
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace ;—

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,  
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,  
Ah, while I tread this earthly sphere,  
Extend to me thy wide defence !

To thee, my God, to thee I call !  
Whatever weal or woe betide ;  
By thy command I rise or fall,  
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust 's restored,  
My soul shall float on airy wing,  
How shall thy glorious name adored  
Inspire her feeble voice to sing !

---

### 34.—L.M.

GOD is good ! Each perfumed flower,  
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,  
The insect, fluttering for an hour,—  
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in the rushing wind ;  
Hills that have for ages stood,  
And clouds, with gold and silver lined,  
Are still repeating, God is good.

Each little rill, that, many a year,  
Has the same verdant path pursued,  
And every bird, in accents clear,  
Joins in the song that God is good.

The restless main, with haughty roar,  
Calms each wild wave and billow rude,  
Retreats submissive from the shore,  
And swells the chorus, God is good.

Countless hosts of burning stars  
Sing his praise with light renewed ;  
The rising sun each day declares,  
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon that walks in brightness, says,  
God is good ! and man, endued  
With power to speak his Maker's praise,  
Should still repeat that God is good.

---

35.—L.M.

HERE is an unseen Power around,  
Existing in the silent air :  
Where treadeth man, where space is found,  
Unheard, unknown, that Power is there.

And not when bright and busy day  
Is round us with its crowds and cares,  
And not when night, with solemn sway,  
Bids awe-hushed souls breathe forth in  
prayers,—

Not when, on sickness' weary couch,  
He writhes with pain's deep, long drawn  
groan,  
Not when his steps in freedom touch  
The fresh green turf—is man *alone*.

In proud Belshazzar's gilded hall,  
'Mid music, lights, and revelry,  
That Present Spirit looked on all,  
From crouching slave to royalty.

When sinks the pious Christian's soul,  
And scenes of horror daunt his eye,  
He hears it whispered through the air.  
"A Power of Mercy still is nigh."

The Power that watches, guides, defends.  
Till man becomes a lifeless sod,  
Till earth is nought,—nought, earthly  
friends,—  
That omnipresent Power—is God.

---

36.—L.M.

GOD of the ocean, earth, and sky,  
In thy bright presence we rejoice ;  
We feel thee, see thee, ever nigh,  
And gladly hear thy gracious voice :

We feel thee in the sunny beam ;  
We see thee walk the mountain waves ;  
We hear thee in the murmuring stream,  
And when the tempest wildly raves :

God, on the lonely hills we meet ;  
God, in the vale and fragrant grove ;  
While birds and whispering winds repeat  
That God is there—the God of love.

## 37.—7.

FATHER of our feeble race !  
Wise, beneficent and kind ;  
Spread o'er nature's ample face,  
Flows thy goodness unconfined :  
Musing in the silent grove,  
Or the busy walks of men,  
Still we trace thy wondrous love  
Claiming large returns again.

Lord ! what off'ring shall we bring,  
At thine altars when we bow ?  
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,  
Whence the kind affections flow ;  
Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
By the melting eye express'd ;  
Sympathy, at whose control,  
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

Willing hands to lead the blind,  
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;  
Love, embracing all our kind,  
Charity, with liberal store :  
Teach us, oh thou Heavenly King !  
Thus to show our grateful mind,  
Thus the accepted off'ring bring,  
Love to thee and all mankind.



## 38.—L.M.

FATHER and Friend ! thy light, thy love,  
Beaming through all thy works we see ;  
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,  
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,  
Involved in clouds—invisible,  
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part  
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;  
But this we know, that where thou art,  
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
Sustained by this delightful thought,  
Since thou their God art every where,  
They cannot be where thou art not.

## 39.—C.M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

---

#### 40.—C.M.

BLESSED be God ! he is not strict  
Our follies to requite ;  
He doth not willingly afflict,  
Or in our groans delight.

With long forbearance he endures  
Those who his wrath defy ;  
While to his saints the cross secures  
A glorious amnesty.

Despise not, then, his chastening,  
Nor faint beneath his rod ;  
Errands of love our trials bring,  
To lead us back to God.

Good Lord ! our doubts and murmurs chase,  
That we may look above,  
And, when thy ways we cannot trace,  
Still trust thy covenant love.

---

## 41.—7.

FULL of mercy, full of love,  
Look upon us from above ;  
Let thy mercy teach one brother  
To forgive and love another ;  
That, copying thy mercy here,  
Thy goodness may hereafter rear  
Our souls into thy glory, when  
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

---

## 42.—C.M.

FAIR are the feet which bring the news  
Of gladness unto me :  
What happy messengers are those  
Which my bless'd eyes do see.

Thy servants speak—but thou, Lord, dost  
An hearing ear bestow ;  
They smite the rock—but thou, my God,  
Dost make the waters flow.

They shoot the arrow—but thy hand  
Doth drive that arrow home :  
They call—but then thou dost compel,  
And then thy guests are come.

Angels that fly, and worms that creep,  
Are both alike to thee,  
If thou mak'st thine angels, Lord,  
They bring my God to me.

I bless my God, who is my Guide !  
I sing in Sion's ways :  
When shall I sing, on Sion's hill,  
Thine everlasting praise ?

---

#### 43.—6.6.4.

LOWLY and solemn be,  
Thy children's cry to thee,  
Father divine !  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owning that life and death  
Alike are thine !

O Father ! in that hour  
When earth all succouring power  
Shall disavow ;  
When spear, and shield, and crown,  
In faintness are cast down ;  
Sustain us, Thou !

By Him who bowed to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod ;  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away ;  
Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on thee to save,  
Father divine !  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,  
Keep us in life and death,  
Thine, only thine !

---

## 44.—6.4.

NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me :  
Still all my song would be  
Nearer, my God, to thee—  
Nearer to thee !

Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams, I'd be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee—  
Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou send'st to me,  
In mercy given :  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee—  
Nearer to thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise :  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee—  
Nearer to thee !

Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly :  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee—  
Nearer to thee.

---

45.—P.M.

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,  
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see;  
So, deep in my soul, the still pray'r of devotion,  
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee.  
My God ! silent to thee—  
Pure, warm, silent to thee !  
So, deep in my soul, the still pray'r of devotion,  
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,  
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,  
Lo, dark as I roam, in this wintry world  
shrouded,  
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee !  
My God ! trembling to thee,  
True, fond, trembling to thee !  
Lo, dark as I roam, in this wintry world  
shrouded,  
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee !

---

## 46.—C.M.

ETERNAL God, our wondering souls  
Admire thy matchless grace,  
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell  
With Adam's sinning race.

O lead me to that happy path,  
Where I my God may meet :  
Though hosts of foes begird it round,  
Though briars wound my feet.

Cheer'd with thy converse, I can trace  
The desert with delight :  
Through all the gloom one smile of thine  
Can dissipate the night.

Nor shall I through eternal days  
A restless pilgrim roam ;  
Thy hand, that now directs my course,  
Shall soon convey me home.

I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight  
To realms of heavenly day ;  
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds,  
To bear this flesh away.

Joyful my spirit will consent  
To drop its mortal load ;  
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,  
That break its way to God.

---

## 47.—8.8.6.

THOU art, O Lord, my only trust,  
When friends are mingled with the dust,  
And all my loves are gone.  
When earth has nothing to bestow,  
And every flower is dead below,  
I look to thee alone.

Thou wilt not leave, in doubt and fear,  
The humble soul, who loves to hear  
The lessons of thy word.  
When foes around us thickly press,  
And all is danger and distress,  
There's safety in the Lord.

The bosom friend may sleep below  
The churchyard turf, and we may go  
To close a loved one's eyes ;  
They will not always slumber there ;  
We see a world more bright and fair,  
A home beyond the skies.



And we may feel the bitter dart,  
Most keenly rankling in the heart,  
By some dark ingrate given :  
In us revenge can never burn ;  
We pity, pardon ; then we turn,  
And rest our souls in heaven.

'Tis thou, O Lord, who shield'st my head,  
And draw'st thy curtains round my bed ;  
I sleep secure in thee ;  
And, O, may soon that time arrive,  
When we before thy face shall live  
Through all eternity !

---

## 48.—8.6.

O THOU ! who dri'st the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee ?  
The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown,  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.  
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And ev'n the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too ;  
Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
With healing from above.  
Then, sorrow touch'd by Thee grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

---

## 49.—7.

FATHER ! to thy kind love we owe  
All that is fair and good below ;  
Bestower of the health that lies  
On tearless cheeks, and cheerful eyes !

Giver of sunshine and of rain !  
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain !  
Fountain of light, that rayed afar,  
Fills the vast urns of sun and star !

Who send'st thy storms and frosts to bind  
The plagues that rise to waste mankind ;  
That breathe'st o'er the naked scene,  
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.

Yet deem we not that thus alone  
Thy mercy and thy love are shown ;  
For we have learned, with higher praise,  
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay !  
Sole trust when life shall pass away !  
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom  
Of death, and consecrate the tomb !

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear ;  
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare ;  
Listening to prayer, and reconciled  
Full quickly to thy erring child.

---

50.—C.M.

DEFEND the poor and desolate ;  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him that help demands.

Regard the weak and fatherless ;  
Despatch the poor man's cause ;  
And raise the man in deep distress,  
By just and equal laws.

Rise, God ! judge thou the earth in might,  
The oppressed land redress ;  
For Thou art He who shall by right  
The nations all possess.

## 51.—L.M.

ALL-SEEING God ! 'tis thine to know  
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;  
To judge, from principles within,  
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

Who among men, great Lord of all !  
Thy servant to his bar shall call ;  
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,  
And doom him to the realms of woe.

Who with another's eye can read,  
Or worship by another's creed ?  
Revering thy commands alone,  
We humbly seek and use our own.

If wrong, forgive ; approve if right ;  
While faithful we obey our light ;  
And, censuring none, are zealous still  
To follow as to learn thy will.

When shall our happy eyes behold  
Thy people fashioned in thy mould ;  
And charity our lineage prove  
Deriv'd from thee, thou God of love !

---

52.—C.M.

OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
"Return, ye sons of men ;"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an ev'ning gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

[The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by the flood,  
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,  
Pleas'd with the morning light ;  
The flowers beneath the mower's hand  
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

---

## 53.—7.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are !  
Trav'ler ! o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory beaming star !  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day,  
Promis'd day of Israel.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
Higher yet that star ascends :  
Trav'ler ! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth its course portends !  
Watchman ! will its beams alone,  
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
Trav'ler, ages are its own,  
See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn :  
Trav'ler ! darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease,  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Trav'ler ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

## 54.—7.

SONS of men ! behold from far,  
Hail the long-expected star !  
Star of truth that gilds the night,  
Guiding devious nature right.

Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death ;  
Scattering error's wide-spread night ;  
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your Lord appear ;  
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
Meet him manifested there.

There behold the day-spring rise,  
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day.

---

55.—L.M.

WHEN on the midnight of the East,  
At the dead moment of repose,—  
Like hope on misery's darkened breast,  
The planet of salvation rose,—

The shepherd, leaning o'er his flock,  
Started with broad and upward gaze,—  
Kneel'd—while the Star of Bethlehem broke  
On music wakened into praise.

The Arabian sage, to hail our King,  
With Persia's star-led magi comes ;  
And all, with reverent homage bring  
Their gifts of gold and odorous gums.

If heathen sages, from afar,  
Followed, when darkness round them spread,  
The kindling glories of that star,  
And worshiped where its radiance led,—

Shall *we*, for whom that star was hung  
In the dark vault of frowning heaven,—  
Shall we, for whom that strain was sung,  
That song of peace and sin forgiven,—

Shall we, for whom the Saviour bled,  
Careless his banquet's blessings see,  
Nor heed the parting word that said,  
“ Do this in memory of me ? ”

---

56.—C.M.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,  
With mild benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,  
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo ! a brighter, clearer light,  
Now points to his abode ;  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our Lord.



O haste to follow where it leads ;  
The gracious call obey ;  
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads,  
The Christian's destined way.

O gladly tread the narrow path,  
While light and grace are given ;  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,  
Shall reign with him in heaven.

---

57.—L.M.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion's hill :  
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,  
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound,  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,  
New streams of glory light the sky :  
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came :  
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
While thus they struck their harps and sung :

“O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh,  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy, from her golden urn,  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn—  
Behold, she binds with tender care  
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart,  
Bid Satan and his host depart ;  
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.”

---

58.—C.M.

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !  
The Saviour promised long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

On him the Spirit largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held :  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye-balls of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

---

59.—S.M.

BEHOLD the Prince of Peace,  
The chosen of the Lord !  
God's well-beloved Son fulfils  
The sure prophetic word.

No royal pomp adorns  
This King of Righteousness :  
Lo ! meekness, patience, truth, and love,  
Compose his princely dress.

The spirit of the Lord  
In rich abundance shed  
On this great Prophet gently lights,  
And rests upon his head.

Jesus, thou light of men !  
Thy doctrine life imparts ;  
O may we feel its quickening power,  
To warm and glad our hearts !

Cheered by its beams, our souls  
Shall run the heavenly way ;  
The path which Christ hath marked and trod,  
Will lead to endless day.

---

60.—L.M.

MESSIAH Lord ! who, wont to dwell  
In lowly shape and cottage cell,  
Didst not refuse a guest to be,  
At Cana's poor festivity.

O when our soul from care is free,  
Then, Saviour, would we think on thee ;  
And, seated at the festal board,  
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,  
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,  
And think—'if now his searching view  
Each secret of our spirit knew !'

So may such joy, chastised and pure,  
Beyond the bounds of earth endure ;  
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind  
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

---

## 61.—7.

LORD ! thou didst arise and say  
To the troubled waters, ‘ Peace,’  
And the tempest died away :  
Down they sank, the foamy seas ;  
And a calm and heaving sleep  
Spread o’er all the glassy deep ;  
All the azure lake serene  
Like another heaven was seen.

Lord ! thy gracious word repeat  
To the billows of the proud :  
Quell the tyrant’s martial heat,  
Quell the fierce and changing crowd :  
Then the earth shall find repose  
From its restless strife and woes ;  
And an imaged heaven appear  
On our world of darkness here.

---

## 62.—C.M.

THE winds were howling o’er the deep,  
Each wave a watery hill :  
The Saviour wakened from his sleep ;  
He spake, and all was still.

The madman in a tomb had made  
His mansion of despair :  
Woe to the traveller who strayed  
With heedless footsteps there !

He met that glance so thrilling sweet,  
He heard those accents mild ;  
And, melting at Messiah's feet,  
Wept like a weaned child.

O madder than the raving man !  
O deafer than the sea !  
How long the time since Christ began  
To call in vain to me !

Yet, could I hear him once again,  
As I have heard of old,  
Methinks he should not call in vain  
His wanderer to the fold.

O God, that every thought canst know,  
And answer every prayer !  
O give me sickness, want, or woe,  
But snatch me from despair !

My struggling will by grace control ;  
Renew my broken vow ;  
What blessed light breaks on my soul ?  
O Lord ! I hear thee now.

## 63.—L.M.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound,  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke :  
To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my father's home :  
Come all ye weary ones and rest."  
Yes ! sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest !

Decay, then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

---

## 64.—7.

WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,  
Pity in his bosom reigned ;  
Sympathy he loved to show,  
Nor the meanest suit disdained.

Round him thronged the blind, the lame,  
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed ;  
None in vain for healing came,  
All the Saviour freely blessed.

He could make the leper whole ;  
Thousands at a meal he fed ;  
Winds and waves could he control ;  
By a word he raised the dead.

Listening sinners round him pressed  
Whilst he taught the way to bliss ;  
Even enemies confessed,  
“No man ever spake like this.”

Children once to him were brought  
His benignant power to prove :  
Some disciples harshly thought  
Their intrusion to reprove.

“Suffer them to come to me,  
Hinder not their free access ;  
Children shall my kingdom see—  
Children I delight to bless.”

So he spake, and in his arms  
Clasped the little helpless things :  
As the hen her chickens warms  
Underneath her downy wings.

Be thy love to me revealed ;  
Be thy grace by me possessed ;  
Touch me, and I shall be healed,  
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.



## 65.—7.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice :  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye who tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;  
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise ;

Ye by fiercer anguish torn,  
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn,  
Here repose your heavy care ;  
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

Sinner, come ! for here is found  
Balm, that flows for every wound ;  
Peace, that ever shall endure,  
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

---

66.—C.M.

COME unto me, all ye who mourn,  
With guilt and fears opprest ;  
Resign to me the willing heart,  
And I will give you rest.

Take up my yoke, and learn of me  
A meek and lowly mind ;  
And thus your weary troubled souls  
Repose and peace shall find.

For light and gentle is my yoke ;  
The burthen I impose  
Shall ease the heart which groaned before  
Beneath a load of woes.

---

67.—L.M.

O'ER the dark wave of Galilee  
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,  
And on the waters drearily  
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,  
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;  
The wandering beast has sought his lair,  
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,  
Lingers a form of human kind ;  
And on his lone, unsheltered head  
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest ?  
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?  
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest ;  
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose,  
To bless, to save the human race ;  
And through his poverty there flows  
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

---

## 68.—8.8.6.

OFT when the waves of passion rise,  
And storms of life conceal the skies,  
And o'er the ocean sweep ;  
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,  
We feel no ray of heavenly light,  
To cheer the lonely deep.

But lo ! in our extremity  
The Saviour walking on the sea !  
E'en now he passes by !  
He silences our clamorous fear,  
And mildly says, ' Be of good cheer,  
Be not afraid, 'tis I.'

Ah Lord ! if it be thou indeed,  
So near us in our time of need,  
So good, so strong to save ;—  
Speak the kind word of power to me,  
Bid me believe, and come to thee,  
Swift—walking on the wave.

He bids me come ! his voice I know,  
And boldly on the waters go,  
And brave the tempest's shock :  
O'er rude temptations now I bound ;  
The billows yield a solid ground,  
The wave is firm as rock !

Come in, come in, thou Prince of Peace !  
And all the storms of sin shall cease  
    And fall, no more to rise :  
O if thy spirit still remain,  
Our rest on distant shores we gain,  
    Our haven in the skies.

---

## 69.—C.M.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,  
    When stormy winds grew loud,  
And waves came rolling high and dark,  
    And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,  
    And baffled in their skill ;  
But One was there, who rose and said  
    To the wild sea—'*Be still !*'

And the winds ceased,—it ceased !—that word  
    Passed though the gloomy sky ;  
The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
    And fell beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,  
    And silence on the blast ;  
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep  
    When sultry day is past.

O thou, that in its wildest hour  
    Didst rule the tempest's mood,  
Send thy meek spirit forth in power,  
    Soft on our souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride  
Thy mandate to fulfil !  
O speak to passion's raging tide,  
Speak and say, '*Peace be still !*'

---

## 70.—L.M.

WHEN power divine, in mortal form,  
Hushed with a word the raging storm,  
In soothing accents Jesus said,  
'Lo ! it is I ! be not afraid.'

So when in silence nature sleeps,  
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,  
One thought shall every pang remove ;  
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven  
To every heart in sunder riven,  
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,  
'Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.'

When men with fiend-like passions rage,  
And foes yet fiercer foes engage ;  
Blest be the voice, though still and small,  
That whispers, 'God is over all.'

God calms the tumult and the storm ;  
He rules the seraph and the worm ;  
No creature is by him forgot,  
Of those who know, or know him not.

And when the last dread hour shall come,  
While shuddering nature waits her doom,  
This voice shall call the pious dead,  
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'

---

## 71.—7.

LORD! we sit and cry to thee,  
Like the blind beside the way:  
Make our darkened souls to see  
The glory of thy perfect day:  
Lord! rebuke our sullen night,  
And give thyself unto our sight.

Lord! we do not ask to gaze  
On our dim and earthly sun;  
But the light that still shall blaze  
When every star its course hath run;  
The glory of thy blest abode,  
The uncreated light of God.

---

## 72.—10.

'DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!'  
Her faithful children cry with one accord;  
Come! ride in triumph on! behold we lay  
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way.

Thy road is ready, Lord!—thy paths made  
straight,  
In longing expectation seem to wait  
The consecration of thy beauteous feet :  
And hark ! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet.

Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord ! here  
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear  
As that in Sion, and as full of sin :  
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell  
therein ?

Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the  
floor !  
Destroy their strength, that they may never  
more  
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,  
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be  
In praises of thy finished victory,  
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat  
Hosanna ! and thy glorious footsteps greet !

---

73.—L.M.

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry !  
Thy humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
O Christ ! thy triumphs now begin,  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
The winged squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :  
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain ;  
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign !

---

74.—C.M.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,  
Our dying Master stands !  
His weeping followers, gathering round,  
Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell !  
The gentle precept which he gave  
Became its author well.

'Blest is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain,  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain.



He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To every child of grief ;  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow ;  
He views through mercy's melting eye  
A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,  
My peace to him I give ;  
And when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.'

---

75.—L.M.

HOW beauteous were the marks divine  
That in thy meekness used to shine ;  
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod  
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !

Oh ! who like thee, so calm, so bright,  
So pure, so made to live in light !  
Oh ! who like thee, did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe !

Oh ! who like thee, so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men before ;  
So meek, forgiving, god-like, high,  
So glorious in humility.

The bending angels stooped to see  
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,  
And smile, as in a father's eye,  
Upon thy mild divinity.

And death, that sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee ;  
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

---

76.—C.M.

SHE loved her Saviour, and to him  
Her costliest present brought ;  
To crown his head, or grace his name,  
No gift too rare she thought.

And though the prudent worldling frowned  
And thought the poor bereft,  
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,  
For he approved the gift.

So let the Saviour be adored,  
And not the poor despised ;  
Give to the hungry from your hoard,  
But all, give all to Christ.

The poor are always with us here,  
'Tis our great Father's plan,  
That mutual wants and mutual care  
May bind us, man to man.

Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,  
Give to the weary rest ;  
For sorrow's children comfort find,  
And help for all distressed ;—

But give to Christ alone thy heart,  
Thy faith, thy love supreme ;  
Then for his sake thine alms impart,  
And so give all to Him.

---

77.—L.M.

THOU art the Way—and he who sighs,  
Amid this starless waste of woe,  
To find a pathway to the skies,  
A light from heaven's eternal glow,  
By thee must come, thou gate of love  
Through which the saints undoubting trod ;  
Till faith discovers, like the dove,  
An ark, a resting-place in God.

Thou art the Truth—whose steady day  
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,  
The pure, the everlasting ray,  
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb ;  
The light that out of darkness springs,  
And guideth those that blindly go ;  
The word, whose precious radiance flings  
Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the Life—the blessed well,  
 With living waters gushing o'er,  
 Which those who drink shall ever dwell  
 Where sin and thirst are known no more :  
 Thou art the mystic pillar given,  
 Our lamp by night, our light by day :  
 Thou art the sacred bread from heaven :  
 Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

---

## 78.—P.M.

HE is a path, if any be misled ;  
 He is a robe, if any naked be ;  
 If any chance to hunger, he is bread ;  
 If any be a bondman, he is free ;  
 If any be but weak, how strong is he ;  
 To dead men life he is, to sick men health ;  
 To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—  
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without  
 stealth.

---

## 79.—P.M.

SWEET Eden was the arbour of delight,  
 Yet in its honey flowers our poison blew.  
 Sad Gethsemane the bower of baleful night,  
 Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,  
 Yet all our honey in that poison grew :  
 So we from sweetest flower could suck our  
 bane,  
 And Christ from bitter venom could again,  
 Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of  
 pain.

## 80.—C.M.

THE Saviour, what a noble flame  
Was kindled in his breast,  
When hasting to Jerusalem,  
He marched before the rest !

Good-will to men, and zeal for God,  
His every thought engross ;  
He goes to be baptized with blood,  
He goes to meet the cross.

With all his sufferings full in view,  
And woes to us unknown,  
Forth to the task his spirit flew ;  
'Twas love that urged him on.

And while his holy sorrows here  
Engage our wondering eyes,  
We learn our lighter cross to bear,  
And hasten to the skies.

---

## 81.—L.M.

DESPISED is the Man of grief,  
Rejected and denied belief,  
By them whose sorrows he hath worn,—  
For whom he bears the bitter scorn,  
The shameful robe, the scourge, the thorn.

All we, like sheep, have gone astray,  
And turned aside from wisdom's way :  
But he the path of death hath trod,  
And humbly kissed affliction's rod,  
To lead our stricken souls to God.

O let us cast each vice away,  
Beneath the cross each passion lay ;  
With contrite heart and weeping eye,  
Behold the Saviour lifted high,  
And every sin and folly fly.

---

## 82.—L.M.

A VOICE upon the midnight air,  
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,  
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,  
' O Father ! take this cup away.'

Ah ! thou who sorrowest unto death,  
*We* conquer in thy mortal fray ;  
And Earth, for all her children, saith,  
' O God ! take *not* this cup away.'

O Lord of sorrow ! meekly die :  
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe ;  
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh ;  
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls ! arise :  
None else can lead the martyr-band,  
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,  
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth ! the cross ascend :  
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne :  
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,  
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray ;  
Make but one fold below, above :  
And when we go the last lone way,  
O give the welcome of thy love.

---

## 83.—8.7.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me,  
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon our way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified ;  
Peace there is, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

## 84.—7.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the side so deeply pierced,  
By the baffled, burning thirst,  
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,  
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He ?  
By the sun at noon-day pale,  
Shivering rocks and rending vail.  
By earth that trembles at His doom,  
By yonder saints who burst their tomb.  
By Eden, promised ere he died  
To the felon at His side,  
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow,  
Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Sad and dying, who is He ?  
By the last and bitter cry,  
The ghost given up in agony ;  
By the lifeless body laid  
In the chambers of the dead ;  
By the mourners come to weep  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;  
Crucified ! we know thee now :  
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !



Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He ?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
“ Lord ! they know not what they do ! ”  
By the spoiled and empty grave,  
By the souls he died to save,  
By the conquest he hath won,  
By the saints before his throne,  
By the rainbow round his brow,  
Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

---

## 85.—L.M.

‘ ’TIS finished ! ’ so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head and died.  
‘ ’Tis finished ! ’ yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

‘ ’Tis finished ! ’ all that heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old ;  
And truths are opened to our view,  
That kings and prophets never knew.

‘ ’Tis finished ! ’ Son of God ! thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;  
And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to thee.

## 86.—6.6.10.

THOU, who didst stoop below  
To drain the cup of woe,  
Wearing the form of frail mortality—  
Thy blessed labours done,  
Thy crown of victory won,  
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home  
on high.

Man may no longer trace,  
In thy celestial face,  
The image of the bright, the viewless One ;  
Nor may thy servants hear,  
Save with faith's raptured ear,  
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son !

Our eyes behold thee not,  
Yet hast thou not forgot  
Those who have placed their hope, their trust  
in thee ;  
Before thy Father's face  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,  
Through this dark world of ours,  
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;  
And shall we in dismay,  
Shrink from the narrow way,  
When clouds and darkness are around it spread.

O thou who art our life,  
Be with us through the strife !  
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests  
bowed ?  
Raise thou our eyes above  
To see a Father's love  
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the  
cloud.

Ev'n through the awful gloom,  
Which hovers o'er the tomb,  
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;  
Our spirits shall not dread  
The shadowy way to tread,  
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to  
thee.

---

## 87.—7.

ANGEL ! roll the rock away ;  
Death ! yield up thy mighty prey ;  
See the Saviour, from the tomb  
Rising in immortal bloom.

Mortals ! raise the rapturous song ;  
Let the strains be sweet and strong ;  
Hail the Son of God, this morn  
From the sepulchre new-born.

Powers of heaven, seraphic quires !  
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres ;  
Sons of men ! in humble strain,  
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

Every note with wonder swell ;  
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell !  
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?  
Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?  
Hallelujah.

---

## 88.—7.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,  
Jesus dissipates its gloom !  
Day of triumph through the skies—  
See the glorious Saviour rise :

Christians, dry your flowing tears,  
Chase those unbelieving fears ;  
Look on his deserted grave,  
Doubt no more his power to save.

Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade :  
Drive your anxious cares away,  
See the place where Jesus lay.

So the rising sun appears,  
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres :  
So returning beams of light  
Chase the terrors of the night.

---

## 89.—7.

“CHRIST, the Lord is risen to day !”  
Sons of men and angels say,  
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Fought the fight, the battle won :  
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;  
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again, our glorious King !  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting ?"  
Once he died our souls to save ;  
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted head ;  
"Made like him, like him we rise,  
Ours, the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven !  
Praise to thee by both be given !  
Thee we greet, triumphant now,  
Hail ! the Resurrection—Thou !

---

90.—C.M.

MESSIAH now is gone before  
To the blest realms of light :  
O thither may our spirits soar,  
And wing their upward flight !

Lord ! make us to those joys aspire,  
That spring from love to thee,  
That pass the carnal heart's desire,—  
And faith alone can see.

To guide us to thy glories, Lord !  
To lift us to the sky,  
O may thy spirit still be poured  
Upon us from on high !

---

## 91.—7.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;  
Watch with him one bitter hour :  
Turn not from his griefs away ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall ;  
View the Lord of Life arraigned ;  
O the wormwood and the gall !  
O the pangs his soul sustained !  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,  
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, submissive at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time  
Love's own sacrifice complete :  
'It is finished,' hear him cry,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid his breathless clay :  
All is solitude and gloom ;  
Who hath taken him away ?  
Christ is risen ; he seeks the skies :  
Thither learn of him to rise.

---

## 92.—C.M.

SWEET is the light of opening day  
That shines on all mankind ;  
But sweeter far the Saviour's ray,  
Illuminates the mind.

Dark is the night of clouds, wherein  
No moon nor stars appear ;  
But darker far the night of sin,  
Of error, doubt, and fear.

His Spirit, from the mental eye  
The vicious film removes ;  
And then the day-spring from on high,  
The soul beholds and loves.

---

## 93.—L.M.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word :  
But in thy life the law appears.  
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

---

94.—C.M

BEHOLD ! where, in the friend of man,  
Appears each grace divine :  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.

Lowly in heart, to all his friends  
A friend and servant found ;  
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,  
And healed each bleeding wound.



'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood ;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life :  
He laboured for their good.

In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resigned, he bowed and said,  
" Thy will, not mine be done."

Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !  
His image may we bear !  
O may we tread his sacred steps,  
And his bright glories share.

---

95.—L.M.

AND is the gospel peace and love ?  
Such let our conversation be ;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life !

Oh, how benevolent and kind !  
How mild, how ready to forgive !  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will  
Was his employment and delight,  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright.

But ah ! how blind ! how weak we are !  
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !  
Lord, we depend upon thy care,  
And ask thy spirit for our guide.

Thy fair example may we trace  
To teach us what we ought to be !  
Make us, by thy transforming grace,  
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

---

96.—L.M.

' SEE how he loved !' exclaimed the Jews,  
As tender tears from Jesus fell ;  
My grateful heart the thought pursues  
And on the theme delights to dwell.

See how he loved, who travelled on,  
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;  
Who bade disease and pain be gone,  
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

See how he loved, who firm yet mild,  
Patient endured the scoffing tongue ;  
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,  
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

See how he loved, who never shrank  
From toil or danger, pain or death ;  
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,  
And meekly yielded up his breath.

Such love can we, unmoved, survey ?  
O may our breast with ardour glow  
To tread his steps, his laws obey,  
And thus our warm affection show.

---

97.—C.M.

ON the first christian sabbath eve,  
When his disciples met,  
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,  
Nor knew the scriptures yet ;—

Lo ! in the midst his form was seen,  
The form in which he died,  
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,  
His hands, his feet, his side.

Then were they glad their Lord to know,  
And hail him, yet with fear :  
Jesus ! again thy presence show ;  
Meet thy disciples here :

Be in our midst ! let faith rejoice  
Our risen Lord to view,  
And make our spirits hear thy voice,  
Say, ' Peace be unto you !'

And while with thee, in social hours,  
We commune through thy word,  
May our hearts burn, and all our powers  
Confess,—‘It is the Lord!’

---

## 98.—7.6.

RECEIVE Messiah gladly,  
And lift the downcast eyes :  
Ye people, speak not sadly :  
He makes the fallen rise :  
In all your habitations,  
Complaint and crying, cease ;  
The long desire of nations  
Brings everlasting peace.

He comes, with succour speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong :  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, in bondage lying,  
Were precious in his sight.

By such shall he be feared,  
While sun and moon endure,  
Beloved, obeyed, revered ;  
For he shall judge the poor,  
Through changing generations,  
With justice, mercy, truth,  
While stars maintain their stations,  
Or moons renew their youth.

## 99.—7.6.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !  
Great David's greater son !  
Hail in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth.  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go,  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The mountain dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon

For he shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing can soar.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove :  
His name shall stand for ever ;  
His great, best name of love.

---

## 100.—L.M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !  
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy power confess ;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ,  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world thy truth has run,  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders, Lord, we view  
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven :  
O cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

---

101.—L.M.

GREAT God ! whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
All heaven submits to his commands ;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;  
His worship and his fear shall last,  
Till hours, and years, and time, be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down ;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands that lie beneath  
The shades of over-spreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;  
Peace, like a river, from his throne,  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

---

102.—L.M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

---

103.—S.M.

COME, kingdom of our God,  
Sweet reign of light and love !  
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,  
And wisdom from above.



Over our spirits first  
Extend thy healing reign ;  
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,  
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God !  
And make the broad earth thine,  
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest  
With fruit from life's glad tree ;  
And in its shade, like brothers rest,  
Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God !  
And raise thy glorious throne  
In worlds by the undying trod,  
Where God shall bless his own.

---

104.—L.M.

O SAVIOUR ! is thy promise fled ?  
Nor longer might thy grace endure,  
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,  
And preach thy gospel to the poor.

Come, Jesus, come ; return again :  
With brighter beam thy followers bless,  
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,  
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

A feeble race, by passion driven,  
In darkness and in doubt we roam,  
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,  
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,  
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,  
And strength and earthly daring fail,  
Our thoughts, Redeemer, rest on thee.

Come, Jesus, come; and as of yore  
The Prophet went to clear thy way,  
A harbinger thy feet before,  
A dawning to thy brighter day :

So now may grace with heavenly shower  
Our willing hearts for truth prepare !  
Sow in our souls the seed of power,  
Then come and reap the harvest there.

---

105.—S.M.

LORD Jesus ! come ; for here  
Our path through wilds is laid ;  
We watch as for the day-spring near,  
Amid the breaking shade.

Lord Jesus ! come ; for hosts  
Meet on the battle-plain :  
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,  
And tears are shed like rain.

Lord Jesus ! come ; for still  
Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;  
The famished crave in vain their fill,  
While teems the fruitful earth.

Hark ! herald-voices near  
Lead on thy happier day :  
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear ;  
We wait to strew thy way.

Come, as in days of old,  
With words of grace and power :  
Gather us all within thy fold,  
And never leave us more.

---

106.—7.

FATHER ! Universal Lord !  
Thou in heaven and earth adored !  
Hallowed be thine awful name,  
Endless thine unbounded fame !

Let thy promised kingdom come ;  
Wandering hearts, and tribes call home :  
Nor let man thy love confine,  
Hearts and worlds unknown be thine !

May thy will be done on earth,  
As by all of heavenly birth ;  
By their praise may we be fired,  
By their heavenly aims inspired !

Daily bread thy children need ;  
Lord ! each day thy children feed :  
Pardon too we seek above,  
As our pardoned foes we love.

From temptation's dangerous hour,  
Keep us by thy mighty power :  
Or, if tried our souls must be,  
From the evil set us free !

Thine the kingdom is, and was,  
Uncontrolled o'er nature's laws :  
Thine, the power all worlds obey ;  
Thine, the glory they display !

---

107.—S.M.

REHOLD the sun, how bright  
From yonder east he springs ;  
As if the soul of life and light  
Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the gospel broke  
Upon the souls of men ;  
So fresh the dreaming world awoke  
In truth's full radiance then !

Before yon sun arose,  
Stars cluster'd through the sky—  
But ah, how dim, how pale, were those,  
To his one burning eye !

So truth lent many a ray,  
To bless the Pagan's night ;  
But, Lord ! how weak, how cold were they  
To thy one glorious light !

---

## 108.—C.M.

ALTHOUGH in deepest gloom our sky  
Affliction may enshroud,  
Still faith discerns, with piercing eye,  
A bow set in the cloud.

Some purpose bright, some wise design,  
Perceiv'd not by the crowd,  
Shall prove at last a hand Divine,  
A bow set in the cloud.

While man before God's righteous law  
His guilty head had bow'd,  
In Christ's redeeming love, he saw  
A bow set in the cloud.

When we in death's advancing night  
Hear Jordan roaring loud,  
Lord, let thy promise fill with light  
That bow set in the cloud.

---

## 109.—C.M.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw  
Into the bitter wave,  
Left it no scion where it grew,  
The thirsting soul to save ?

Hath nature lost the hidden power  
Its precious foliage shed ?  
Is there no distant eastern bower  
With such sweet leaves o'erspread.

Nay, wherefore ask ? since gifts are ours  
Which yet may well imbue  
Earth's many troubled founts with showers  
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh ! mingled with the cup of grief  
Let faith's deep spirit be,  
And every prayer shall win a leaf  
From that blest healing tree !

---

### 110.—L.M.

THE fiery steeds and flaming car,  
Stood waiting on the azure road,  
To take the blest Elijah far  
To him who call'd,—Elijah's God.

And in his brother-prophet's view,  
As now his heavenward course he bore,  
How deep the joy Elisha knew,  
To catch the sacred vest he wore !

Ascended Saviour ! so may we  
Receive thy white and shining dress,  
Stand cloth'd in all thy purity,  
The garment of thy righteousness.

And thus, by thee presented, stand  
Within our gracious Father's sight,  
The heirs to an immortal land  
Of love, and peace, and joy, and light!

---

## 111.—P.M.

A ROSE shall bloom in the lonely place,  
A wild shall echo with sounds of joy,  
For heaven's own gladness its bounds shall  
grace,  
And forms angelic their songs employ.

And Lebanon's cedars shall rustle their boughs,  
And fan their leaves in the scented air :  
And Carmel and Sharon shall pay their vows,  
And shout, for the glory of God is there.

O say to the fearful, Be strong of heart ;  
He comes in vengeance but not for thee ;  
For thee he comes, his might to impart  
To the trembling hand and the feeble knee.

The blind shall see, the deaf shall hear,  
The dumb shall raise their notes for Him,  
The lame shall leap like the unharmed deer,  
And the thirsty shall drink of the holy stream.

And the parched ground shall become a pool,  
And the thirsty land a dew-washed mead ;  
And where the wildest beasts held rule,  
The harmless of His fold shall feed.

There is a way, and a holy way,  
Where the unclean foot shall never tread,  
But from it the lowly shall not stray,  
To it the penitent shall be led.

No lion shall rouse him from his lair,  
Nor wild beast raven in foaming rage ;  
But the redeemed of the earth shall there  
Pursue their peaceful pilgrimage.

The ransomed of God shall return to him  
With a chorus of joy to an angel's lay ;  
With a tear of grief shall no eye be dim,  
For sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

---

112.—7.

PILGRIM burthen'd with thy sin  
Come the way to Zion's gate,  
There, till mercy lets thee in,  
Knock and weep, and watch and wait.  
Knock !—He knows the sinner's cry ;  
Weep !—He loves the mourner's tears :  
Watch !—for saving grace is nigh :  
Wait !—till heavenly light appears.

Hark ! it is the bridegroom's voice :  
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest ;  
Now within the gate rejoice,  
Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest.  
Safe—from all the lures of vice,  
Seal'd—by signs the chosen know,  
Bought by love, and life the price,  
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.



Holy pilgrim ! what for thee,  
In a world like this remain ?  
From thy guarded breast shall flee,  
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain.  
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,  
Shame—from glory's view retire,  
Doubt—in certain rapture die,  
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

---

## 113.—7.

MAN'S Life is the Holy Land !  
We, Lord, thy Crusader band  
Shriev'd by thee, from pagan sin,  
Shrine of God, man's heart, would win.

On our shield thy cross we bear,  
By our side thy sword we wear ;  
Shield of faith, so stout, so strong !  
Sword of truth, so bright, so long !

Courage, Lord, we seek from thee,  
From the foe we would not flee.  
Manful quit us in the fight,  
Toil from dawning until night.

When at last the fight is done,  
When the Holy Land is won,  
Where the victors part the spoil,  
Rest thy weary ones from toil.

Gift us with the conqueror's crown,  
At thy feet we lay it down,  
Deeply feeling, not our own—  
Thine the glory, thine alone.

---

## 114.—L.M.

HOW, Lord, shall vows of ours be sweet?  
O! how should souls immortal meet?  
How lose themselves in Heaven awhile?  
How win thine own eternal smile?

Come beautiful, as souls should be!  
Come beautiful for God to see!  
Come holy-fair, come heavenly-bright,  
And give the All-seeing Eye delight!—

Come souls! thus glorious soar and sing;  
The Lord's own beauty with you bring.  
Ye merciful! for you how sweet  
The service of the Mercy-Seat!

Ye upright! be not faint of tongue;  
The faithful Lord will love your song.  
Ye pure of heart! how meetly ye  
Aspire to praise His purity!

Ye loving, of large souls and free,  
Whose hours run on forgivingly,  
You chief the God of Love will hear—  
Your own the incessant Pardoner!

Yet better songs, ye Holy, raise !  
More nobly live ; more sweetly praise !  
Till beauteous round the Heavenly Throne  
Ye worship best the Holy One.

---

## 115.—C.M.

THOU biddest, Lord, thy sons be bold ;  
Lord, Thou hast set us free ;  
The dear adoption fast we hold—  
The glorious liberty !

Thou Majesty Divine ! we cling  
To not less glorious throne ;  
Almighty Task-Master, we bring  
Our work to Thee alone !

We stand unto our God how near !  
Nor priest, nor veil between—  
Lord ! full unto Thine own appear ;  
We cast away each screen.

Thy truth is waiting to be seized ;  
Thou sweetly bidd'st us dare ;  
We look, we seek—and Thou art pleased  
To meet us every where.

Thy Spirit's fulness we embrace—  
Away with man's poor dole !  
The sweetest visit of thy grace  
Asks but an open soul.

Full feels our solemn privacy,  
The sweet celestial air :  
In humble joy we lay on Thee  
The loving clasp of prayer,

We mingle now our inmost fires,  
A glowing spirit-throng !  
All free and strong of wing aspires  
The passion of our song.

Man's statutes do not wake our fear ;  
Man frowns—yet smile we still.  
For us the unfailing Spirit-Cheer !  
For us the Eternal Will !

Thine own we are, Almighty One ;  
Thine own would ever be :  
Endless Thy dear dominion ;  
Our glorious liberty !

---

116.—C.M.

MY God ! my Majesty divine !  
My very Presence Bright !  
Thou life, thou love, thou joy of mine !  
My soul's own Infinite !

Art Thou not mine ? for my poor sake  
Dost Thou not wondrously ?  
Dost not Thou of Thy glory take  
To give it unto me ?

Feels not mine Inner All, Thy watch ?  
Dost Thou not teach Thy own—  
Yes ! quicken my rapt soul to catch  
Thy still deep Spirit-tone ?

Are not my sins the witnesses  
That Thou art not at home ?  
Doth not my penitence express,  
That Thou again wilt come ?

And when I sorely strove with sin,  
Wast Thou not strong for me ?  
O did not we together win  
That precious victory ?

Waits not my soul, for Thee to show  
The work it must fulfil ?  
Art Thou not hidden in my woe ?  
And there how gracious still !

When fulness of delight is mine,  
Stands not Thy glory by ;  
And helps each happy hour to shine  
With wondrous radiancy ?

Thou God of mine ! eternal be  
The fulness of thy grace,  
O still be pleased to shine in me !  
Keep, keep thy dwelling-place !

## 117.—8.7.4.

EVERLASTING ! changing never !  
Of one strength, no more, no less :  
Thine Almightyness for ever—  
All the same thy Holiness :  
Thee Eternal,  
Thee all glorious we possess !

But we weak ones, but we sinners,  
Would not in our poorness stay ;  
We the low ones would be winners  
Of what holy height we may,  
Ever nearer  
To Thy pure and perfect day.

Shall things withered, fashions olden,  
Keep us from Life's flowing spring ?  
Waits for us the promise golden—  
Waits each new diviner thing ?  
Onward ! onward !  
Why this faithless tarrying ?

By the old Aspirants glorious—  
By the hearts that hopèd all—  
By the strivers, half victorious—  
By each soul heroical—  
By thy Dearest—  
By thy Milton and thy Paul—

By their holy, high achieving,  
By their visions more divine—  
By each gift of our receiving  
From these mighty ones of thine—  
By the radiance  
That on us from them doth shine,—

By each saving word unspoken—  
By Thy truth, as yet half-won—  
By each idol still unbroken,  
By Thy will, yet poorly done ;—  
Hear us ! hear us !  
Our Almighty, help us on !

Nearer to Thee would we venture,  
Of Thy truth more largely take,  
Upon life diviner enter,  
Into day more glorious break ;  
To the ages  
Fair bequests and costly make.

Ours must be a nobler story  
Than was ever writ before :  
After-comers ! dim our glory ;  
Be your smiles and winnings more.  
Everlasting !  
Fuller grace incessant pour !

---

### 118.—L.M.

THY happy ones a strain begin ;  
Dost Thou not, Lord, glad souls possess ?  
Thy Cheerful Spirit dwells within ;  
We feel Thee in our joyfulness.

Our mirth is not afraid of Thee ;  
Our life rejoices to be bright ;  
We would not from our gladness flee,  
But give full welcome to delight.

Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles deny :  
Dost Thou not deem them of rich worth ?  
Our cheer flows on beneath Thine eye ;  
We feel accepted in our mirth.

We turn to Thee a smiling face ;  
Thou sendest us the smile again.  
Our joy, the richness of thy grace—  
Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain.

Thou God of Joy ! our souls do well  
The life hereafter to forestal.  
We go with happy ones to dwell,  
To help the joy celestial.

---

### 119.—C.M.

OUR God ! our God ! Thou shinest here ;  
Thine own this latter day :  
To us Thy radiant steps appear—  
*Here goes thy glorious way.*

We shine not only with the light  
Thou sheddest down of yore ;  
On us Thou streamest strong and bright—  
Thy comings are not o'er.



The Fathers had not all of Thee ;  
New-births are in Thy grace ;  
All open to our souls shall be  
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on Thy out-goings bright ;  
Down cometh Thy full power ;  
We, the glad bearers of Thy light—  
This, this Thy saving hour !

On us Thy spirit hast thou poured ;  
To us Thy word has come :  
We feel, we thank Thy quickening, Lord ;  
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thy Life-Spring, Lord, is running o'er ;  
Each holy height we climb ;  
A race of mighty men once more !  
Again a glorious time !

Thou comest near—Thou standest by—  
Our work begins to shine :  
Thou dwellest with us mightily ;  
On come the years divine.

---

120.—L.M.

LORD, Thou would'st have us like to Thee ;  
Lord, thou would'st lift us to Thy Son :  
Thou biddest us aspirants be,—  
Put all divine ambition on !

We cannot be too richly blest—  
We cannot be too strong of wing :  
Thyself, Thyself, Thou offerest  
To our sublime endeavouring.

Thou Sovereign Lord Almighty ! lo,  
On, on to Thee the weaklings press.  
From strength to strength our souls would go,  
Upclimbing thine Almightyness.

All-holy One ! we give not o'er ;  
The sinners would be one with Thee !  
Yes, all-prevailingly explore  
Depth after depth, Thy purity.

Alas our wrath ! alas our pride !  
Yet shall they not at last be gone ?  
O, may we not each day abide  
Still nearer the All-loving One ?

Father of Lights ! our darkness dares  
Hope into something bright to rise.  
Each well-won truth our souls declares  
Of closer kin to Thee, All-Wise.

Would we not grow divinely bright ?  
Take sweetness in, put glory on—  
Yes, wax more worthy to delight  
In Thee, First Fair, All-glorious One ?

And grows the likeness ever thus ?  
Still brighter, still diviner we ?  
Thou beckonest, Lord—joy ! joy ! for us  
A mounting Immortality.

## 121.—C.M.

ALAS the outer emptiness !  
What life has it to give ?  
Oh ! shall it God's own fire oppress ?  
Soul, wilt thou slightly live ?

Some joy of thine own seeking win ;  
To thine own strength repair :  
Breathe, breathe the awful life within—  
Feel all the glory there !

Thyself amidst the silence clear—  
The world far off and dim—  
Thy vision free—the Bright One near—  
Thyself alone with Him.—

The silence thronged gloriously  
With business how divine !  
God's glory passing unto thee—  
All heaven becoming thine—

The rapture, mighty, measureless,  
In each eternal thing—  
The mingling with Almighty—  
The dwelling by Life's Spring !—

Thus sweetly live, thus greatly watch—  
Soul, be but inly bright !  
All outer things must smile, must catch  
Thy strong transcendent light.

Near thee no darkness dares abide,  
Thou makest all things shine ;  
Soul, whom the Lord has glorified,  
Is not all glory thine ?

---

## 122.—C.M.

WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray  
Breaks with its trembling light,  
To chase the pearly dews away,  
Bright tear-drops of the night,—

My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,  
But rises gladly free,  
On wings of everlasting love,  
And finds its home in THEE.

When evening's silent shades descend,  
And nature sinks to rest,  
Still to my Father and my Friend  
My wishes are addressed.

Though tears may dim my hours of joy,  
And bid my pleasures flee,  
THOU reign'st where grief cannot annoy,  
I will be glad in THEE.

And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom,  
Above, around, is spread,  
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom  
Are hovering o'er my head.

I dream of that fair land, O Lord,  
Where all thy saints shall be ;  
I wake to lean upon thy word,  
And still delight in THEE.

---

## 123.—L.M.

“ALL yet is well,” the mother said,  
Who left her only offspring dead,  
While she the holy Prophet sought,  
And deeply felt the news she brought.

Faith in the prophet's God most high,  
Upheld her hope, relieved her sigh :  
And while the tear maternal fell,  
She calmly answered, “Yes, 'tis well.”

Thus faith in God could soften grief,  
And bring the afflicted mind relief,  
Ere yet eternal life revealed,  
Was by our rising Saviour sealed.

Then let his word support the soul ;  
And every pain and grief control :  
And Faith each rising passion tell  
That God, our God, does all things well !

## 124.—7.6.

GO when the morning shineth,—  
Go when the noon is bright,—  
Go when the eve declineth,—  
Go in the hush of night ;  
Go with pure mind and feeling  
Cast every fear away—  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee,  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be ;  
Then for thyself in meekness  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 't is e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,—  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way ;  
E'en then the silent breathing,  
The spirit raised above,  
Will reach the throne of glory,  
Of mercy, truth, and love.

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness  
Before His footstool fall,—  
Remember in thy gladness  
His love, who gave thee all !  
Oh ! not a joy or blessing  
With this we can compare,  
The power that has been given us  
To pour our souls in prayer !

---

## 125.—7.

JOY there is, that, seated deep,  
Leaves not when we sigh or weep ;  
Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,  
Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.

Stern and awful are its tones  
When the patriot-martyr groans,  
And the death-pulse beating high  
Rapture blends with agony.

Tenderer is the form it wears,  
Touched with love, dissolved in tears,  
When the meek their Saviour greet,  
Bending at the mercy-seat.

Joy even here ! a budding flower,  
Struggling with the storm and shower,  
Till its season to expand,  
Nurtured in its native land.

## 126.—L.M.

O HUMAN heart ! thou hast a song  
For all that to the earth belong,  
Whene'er the golden chain of love  
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

O human heart ! what deed of thine  
Could gain a kingdom so divine ?  
'Twas asked but this, in accents mild,  
The gentle spirit of a child.

O human heart ! that singest still  
Through chastening good, misreckoned ill ;  
Thou mind'st Bethesda's fount to feel,  
The angel troubles but to heal.

O human heart ! thou hast a song  
For all that to the earth belong,  
Whene'er the golden chain of love  
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

---

## 127.—C.M.

THE world may change from old to new,  
From new to old again ;  
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,  
Within man's heart remain.  
The dreams that bless the weary soul,  
The struggles of the strong,  
Are steps towards some happy goal,  
The story of hope's song.



Hope leads the child to plant the flower,  
The man to sow the seed ;  
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,  
But prompts again to deed.  
And ere upon the old man's dust  
The grass is seen to wave,  
We look through falling tears,—to trust  
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh no ! it is no flattering lure,  
No fancy weak or fond ;  
When hope would bid us rest secure  
In better life beyond.  
Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,  
Her promise may gainsay ;  
The voice divine hath spoke within,  
And God did ne'er betray.

---

### 128.—L.M.

LIFE may change, but it may fly not ;  
Hope can vanish, but can die not ;  
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;  
Love repulsed—but it returneth.

Yet were life a charnel where  
Hope lay confined with Despair,  
Truth and Love a sacred lie,—  
Were it not for Liberty ;

Lending life its soul of light,  
Hope its iris of delight,  
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,  
Love its power to give and bear.

## 129.—7.

HOPE, though slow she be, and late,  
Yet out runs swift time and fate ;  
And aforehand loves to be  
With most remote futurity.

Hope is comfort in distress ;  
Hope is in misfortune bliss ;  
Hope, in sorrow, is delight ;  
Hope is day in darkest night.

Hope casts anchor upward, where  
Storms durst never domineer ;  
Trust ; and Hope will welcome thee  
From storms to full security.

---

## 130.—L.M.

HOW little of ourselves we know  
Before a grief the heart has felt !  
The lessons that we learn of woe  
May brace the mind, as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,  
The reach of thought, the strength of will,  
Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,  
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,  
The loaded spirit feels forgiven ;  
And through the mist of falling tears  
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

## 131.—C.M.

IN the dark season of distress,  
In sickness, want, or woe ;  
If friends desert or foes oppress,  
Or trouble lay me low :  
If 'reft of those I fondly love,  
From earthly ills I flee,  
To seek sweet comfort from above,  
Good Lord deliver me.—

If wealth be mine, from all the snares  
Which riches with them bring  
Oppression, avarice, worldly cares,  
Ambition's goading sting ;  
From pride, and from that worst offence,  
Forgetfulness of Thee  
Whose hand that wealth did first dispense,  
Good Lord deliver me.—

When on the bed of death, a prey,  
To gloomy thoughts I lie,  
Or worn by slow disease away,  
Or rack'd with agony ;  
Stung with remorse for what hath been,  
And dreading what may be  
When death hath closed this mortal scene,  
Good Lord deliver me.—

And oh ! in that appalling hour,  
When clouds around thee spread,  
Thou com'st array'd in pomp and power,  
To judge both quick and dead ;  
When trembling, shrinking from thy face  
Thy servant thou shalt see  
A suppliant at the bar of grace  
Good Lord deliver me.—

---

## 132.—8.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,  
And in my heart despondence sighs—  
When life her throng of care reveals,  
And weakness o'er my spirit steals—  
Grateful I hear the kind decree,  
That, “ as my day, my strength shall be.”—

When with sad footstep, memory roves,—  
'Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,—  
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,  
And dewy morning drinks my sighs—  
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,  
That, “ as my day, my strength shall be.”—

One trial more must yet be past,  
One pang—the keenest and the last ;  
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,  
My feeble, quivering, heartstrings fail,  
Redeemer, grant my soul to see  
That, “ as her day, her strength shall be.”

## 133.—7.6.

GOD is my strong salvation,  
What foe have I to fear ?  
In darkness and temptation,  
My light, my help is near :  
Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm to the fight I stand ;  
What terrors can confound me,  
With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance ;  
My soul with courage wait ;  
His truth be thine affiance,  
When faint and desolate ;  
His might thy heart shall strengthen ;  
His love thy joy increase ;  
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,  
The Lord will give thee peace.

---

## 134.—L.M.

MY Father ! when around me spread  
I see the shadows of the tomb,  
And life's bright visions droop and fade,  
And darkness veils my future doom ;

O in that anguished hour I turn  
With a still trusting heart to thee,  
And holy thoughts still shine and burn,  
Amid that cold, sad destiny.

The stars of heaven are shining on,  
Though these frail eyes are dim with tears ;  
The hopes of earth indeed are gone ;  
But are not ours the immortal years ?

Father ! forgive the heart that clings  
Thus trembling to the joys of time ;  
And bid my soul on angel wings  
Ascend into a purer clime.

There shall no doubts disturb its trust,  
No sorrows dim celestial love ;  
But these afflictions of the dust  
Like shadows of the night remove.

E'en now, above, there's radiant day,  
While clouds and darkness brood below :—  
Then, Father, joyful on my way  
To drink thy bitter cup I go.

---

### 135.—L.M.

O DEEM not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;  
The Power who pities man has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears :  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night :  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,  
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain !  
Hope that a brighter, happier, sphere,  
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny ;  
Though with a pierced and broken heart  
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear ;  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

---

136.—7.

LORD ! have mercy when we pray  
Strength to seek a better way ;  
When our waking thoughts begin  
First to loathe our cherished sin ;  
When our weary spirits fail,  
And our aching brows are pale ;  
When our tears bedew thy word !  
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord ! have mercy when we lie  
On the restless bed and sigh,  
Sigh for death, yet fear it still  
From the thought of former ill ;  
When the dim, advancing gloom  
Tells us that our hour is come ;  
When is loosed the silver cord ;  
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord ! have mercy when we know  
First how vain this world below ;  
When its darker thoughts oppress,  
Doubts perplex and fears distress ;  
When the earliest gleam is given  
Of thy bright but distant heaven ;  
Then thy fostering grace afford ;  
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

---

### 137.—10.

INFINITE Spirit ! who art round us ever,  
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,  
May neither life nor death the sweet bond  
    sever  
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen—yet not unfelt—if any thought  
Has raised our mind from earth, a pure desire,  
A glorious act, a noble purpose brought,  
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the  
    fire.



To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,  
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and  
shame,  
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,  
That I may live to glorify thy name.

That I may conquer base desire and passion,  
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,  
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat and  
fashion,  
Walk humbly, softly leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy.—Yet for their dear sake  
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found,  
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,  
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and  
faded,  
Young plants are warmed, they drink my  
branches' dew,  
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded,  
Make me for their sake firm, and pure, and  
true.

For their sake too, the faithful, wise, and bold,  
Whose generous love has been my pride  
and stay,  
Those who have found in me some trace of  
gold,  
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,  
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to  
rest,  
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,  
When on his soul the guilt of man was prest.

Tender and sensitive, he braved the storm,  
That we might fly a well-deserved fate,  
Poured out his soul in supplication warm,  
Looked with his eyes of love on eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness to my soul be seen,  
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed ;  
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me  
clean,  
O speak the word,—thy servant shall be  
healed.

---

138.—10.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet  
indeed,  
If thou the Spirit give by which I pray ;  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
That of its native self can nothing feed :  
Of good and pious works thou art the seed  
That quickens only where thou say'st it  
may :  
Unless thou show to us thine own true way  
No man can find it : Father ! thou must lead.

Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my  
mind  
By which such virtue may in me be bred  
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;  
The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of thee,  
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

---

## 139.—L.M.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her Father's God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar guided slow ;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands,  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And O ! when gathers on our path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light.

## 140.—P.M.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was Beauty ;  
I woke, and found that life was Duty.  
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie ?  
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
A noonday light and truth to thee.

---

## 141.—L.M.

SAILING upon life's dangerous sea,  
Amidst surrounding rocks and shoals,  
Lord, I would lift my heart to thee,  
To guide me as the tempest rolls,

How oft I fear that I should fail,  
How oft my spirit sinks and faints,  
How oft doth dark mistrust prevail,  
And faithless tremors and complaints !

Yet hast thou kept me safe thus far,  
And surely still wilt safely keep ;  
Veil not thy Spirit's guiding-star,  
But lead my pathway through the deep.

From every peril of the wave,  
From every devious track restore ;  
Till the calm harbour of the grave  
I reach, and gain the promis'd shore.

## 142.—C.M.

LORD, what a pleasant life were this  
If all did well their parts ;  
If all did one another love  
Sincerely from their hearts.

No suits of law, no noise of war,  
Our quiet minds would fright ;  
No fear to lose, nor care to keep,  
What justly is our right.

No envious thought, no sland'ring tongue,  
Would e'er disturb our peace ;  
We should help them, and they help us,  
And all unkindness cease.

But the All-wise permits those woes,  
And finds it better so ;  
He made the world ; and sure he knows  
What 's best with it to do.

'Tis for our good, that all this ill  
Is suffer'd here below ;  
'Tis to correct those dang'rous sweets  
That else would poison grow.

So storms are rais'd to clear the air,  
And chase the clouds away ;  
So weeds grow up to cure our wounds,  
And all our pains allay.

How often, Lord, do we mistake,  
In work or in design ;  
Rule thou hereafter thy own world,  
But thou alone be mine.

O that I may be wholly thine !  
Else I am not mine own :  
Give me thyself, or take thou me ;  
Undone, if left alone.

---

## 143.—8.7.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
“ Life is but an empty dream,”  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Act is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave  
Still, like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act,—act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing leave behind us,  
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

---

144.—6.5.

LIFE is onward—use it  
With a forward aim ;  
Toil is heavenly, choose it  
And its warfare claim.  
Look not to another  
To perform your will,  
Let not your own brother  
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—never  
Look upon the past,  
It would hold you ever  
In its clutches fast.  
Now is your dominion  
Weave it as you please ;  
Bind not the soul's pinion  
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward—try it,  
Ere the day is lost ;  
It hath virtue—buy it  
At whatever cost.  
If the world should offer  
Every precious gem,  
Look not at the scoffer,  
Change it not for them.

Life is onward—heed it  
In each varied dress,  
Your own act can speed it  
On to happiness.  
His bright pinion o'er you  
Time waves not in vain,  
If Hope chants before you  
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it  
In sunshine and in storm ;  
Oh ! do not despise it  
In its humblest form.  
Hope and Joy together,  
Standing at the goal,  
Through Life's darkest weather,  
Beckon on the soul.



## 145.—7.

NOT where long-passed ages sleep,  
Seek we Eden's golden trees,  
In the future, folded deep,  
Are its mystic harmonies.

All before us lies the way,  
Give the past unto the wind ;  
All before us is the Day,  
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its angels bold,  
Love and flowers and coolest sea,  
Is less ancient story told,  
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,  
In the passions tame and kind,  
Innocence from selfish care  
The real Eden we shall find.

It is coming, it shall come,  
To the patient and the striving,  
To the quiet heart at home,  
Thinking wise and faithful living.

When all error is worked out,  
From the heart, and from the life ;  
When the sensuous is laid low,  
Through the Spirit's holy strife ;

When the Soul to Sin hath died,  
True and beautiful and sound ;  
Then all earth is sanctified,  
Upsprings Paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden days,  
Guardian watch from seraph-eyes ;  
Angels on the slanting rays,  
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land, afar,  
All disturbing force shall flee ;  
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar  
Its immortal unity.

---

146.—L.M.

HOW happy is he born or taught,  
That serveth not another's will,  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his only skill :

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,  
Whose state can neither flatt'ers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,  
Or vice : who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well chosen book or friend.—

: This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall,  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

---

147.—C.M.

ALL men are equal in their birth,  
Heirs of the earth and skies :  
All men are equal when that earth  
Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on Him whose power  
Upholds the life He gave ;  
The sage within his star-lit tower  
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows  
In courts their hands have made ;  
And hears the worshiper who bows  
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,  
And speaks of high and low,  
And worships those, and tramples these,  
While the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore  
To all their rights of love ;  
In power and wealth exult no more ;  
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;  
Ye low ! your shame and fear :  
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;  
Your brotherhood revere.

---

148.—C.M.

WHAT conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heaven pursue.

Let not this weak unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge a foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find the better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see ;  
The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

---

### 149.—L.M.

THOUGH wandering in a stranger-land,  
Though on the waste no altar stand,  
Take comfort ! thou art not alone,  
While Faith hath marked thee for her own.

Would'st thou a temple ? look above,  
The heavens stretch over all in love :  
A book ? for thine evangile scan  
The wondrous history of man.

The holy band of saints renowned  
Embrace thee, brother-like, around ;  
Their sufferings and their triumphs rise  
In hymns immortal to the skies.

And though no organ-peal be heard,  
In harmony the winds are stirred ;  
And then the morning stars upraise  
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

## 150.—C.M.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,  
When hast'ning fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam ;  
But high she shoots through air and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from ev'ry care  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,  
To hold my course to Thee.  
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay  
My soul, as home she springs :  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom on her wings !

---

## 151.—C.M.

IT surely is a wasted heart—  
It is a wasted mind—  
That seeks not in the inner world  
Its happiness to find :

For happiness is like the bird  
That broods above its nest,  
And finds beneath its folded wings  
Life's dearest and its best.

## 152.—C.M.

THY neighbour ? It is he whom thou  
Hast power to aid and bless,  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim,  
Whom hunger sends from door to door :—  
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis that weary man,  
Whose years are at their brim,  
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain ;—  
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the heart bereft  
Of every earthly gem,  
Widow and orphan, helpless left ;—  
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour ? Yonder toiling slave,  
Fettered in thought and limb,  
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave ;—  
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form  
Less favour'd than thine own,  
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,  
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh ! pass not, pass not heedless by ;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
The breaking heart from misery—  
Go, share thy lot with him.

---

## 153.—C.M.

I MAY not scorn the meanest thing  
That on the earth doth crawl ;  
The slave who dares not burst his chain,  
The tyrant in his hall.

The vile oppressor who hath made  
The widow'd mother mourn,  
Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,  
I cannot, dare not scorn.

The darkest night that shrouds the sky  
Of beauty hath a share ;  
The blackest heart hath signs to tell  
That God still lingers there.

I pity all that evil are—  
I pity, and I mourn ;  
But the Supreme hath fashioned all,  
And, O ! I dare not scorn.



## 154.—C.M.

AN offering to the shrine of power  
Our hands shall never bring :  
● A garland on the car of pomp  
Our hands shall never fling ;  
Applauding in the conqueror's path  
Our voices ne'er shall be ;  
But we have hearts to honour those  
Who bade the world go free !

Praise to the good, the pure, the great,  
Who made us what we are !  
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow  
With radiance brighter far :  
Glory to them in coming time,  
And through eternity,  
Who burst the captive's galling chain,  
And bade the world go free.

---

## 155.—P.M.

LORD from thy blessed throne,  
Sorrow look down upon !  
God save the Poor !  
Teach them true liberty—  
Make them from tyrants free—  
Let their homes happy be !  
God save the Poor !

The arms of wicked men  
Do *Thou* with might restrain—  
God save the Poor !  
Raise *Thou* their lowliness—  
Succour *Thou* their distress—  
*Thou* whom the meanest bless !  
God save the Poor !

Give them staunch honesty—  
Let their pride manly be—  
God save the Poor !  
Help them to hold the right ;  
Give them both truth and might ;  
Lord of all Life and Light !  
God save the Poor !

---

## 156.—C.M.

THUS saith the Lord, " The spacious fields,  
" And flocks, and herds, are mine ;  
" O'er all the cattle of the hills  
" I claim a right divine.

" I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
" Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;  
" To hope and love, to pray and praise,  
" Is all that I require.

" Call upon me when trouble 's near,  
" My hand shall set thee free ;  
" Then shall thy thankful lips declare  
" The honour due to me.

“ The man that offers humble praise,  
“ He glorifies me best ;  
“ And those that tread my holy ways,  
“ Shall my salvation taste.”

---

## 157.—C.M.

FAITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight,  
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,  
And dwells in heavenly light.

It sets times past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.

By faith we know the worlds were made  
By God's almighty word ;  
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,  
By faith obey'd the Lord.

He sought a city fair and high,  
Built by th' eternal hands,  
And faith assures us, though we die,  
That heavenly building stands.

---

## 158.—L.M.

SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God,  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

---

159.—L.M.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspired to preach and tell  
All that is done in heaven and hell,  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.

Should I distribute all my store  
To feed the bowels of the poor,  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;

If love to God and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

---

## 160.—C.M.

LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits, pitying see,  
And penitence impart ;  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam peace upon our heart.

When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful songs to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And rise to thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign,  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

## 161.—C.M.

SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour  
Her richest gifts on me,  
Still, O my God ! I should be poor,  
If void of love to thee.

Not shining wit, nor manly sense,  
Could make me truly good :  
Not zeal itself could recompense  
The want of love to God.

Did I possess the gift of tongues,  
But were denied thy grace ;  
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,  
Would be but sounding brass.

Though thou should'st give me heavenly skill  
Each mystery to explain ;  
If I'd no heart to do thy will,  
My knowledge would be vain.

Had I so strong a faith, my God !  
As mountains to remove ;  
No faith could do me real good,  
That did not work by love.

Oh, grant me, then, this one request,  
And I'll be satisfied ;  
That love divine may rule my breast,  
And all my actions guide.

## 162.—S.M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his hands,  
To his sure truth, and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey :  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

Put thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on ;  
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To him commend thy cause, his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;  
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time—thy darkest night  
Shall end in brightest day !

## 163.—C.M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watch-word at the gates of death :  
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways :  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold he prays !"

The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind ;  
While with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.



O thou by whom we come to God,  
 The life, the truth, the way !  
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
 Lord, teach us how to pray !

---

## 164.—7.

'TIS religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures while we live :  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity !  
 Be the living God my friend,  
 Then my bliss shall never end.

---

## 165.—C.M.

FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise:—

' Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free ;  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee.

' Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
 My life and death attend ;  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end !'

## 166.—7.

TO the portals of thy house  
Lord, we bring our mortal cares ;  
Help us in our need, for Thou  
Laidst on each the weight he bears.

On those cares we have not looked  
As our means to life's great end,  
Strength we seek, to do and bear ;  
Thou who sendst them, be our friend !

Worn in spirit, Lord, we come,  
By vexations small assailed ;  
With contrition we confess  
Tried by these, our faith has failed.

In our heaviest sorrow-time,  
We have owned thy power, thy rod ;  
But how seldom did we feel  
Thou wast still our Father God !

Of thy presence and thy love  
Steadier consciousness we need ;  
Let thy guiding finger touch  
Hallow each our simplest deed.

In our business, in our homes,  
Christian men we fain would be ;  
Every trial life affords  
Equally is sent by Thee.

In Thy peaceful House of Prayer  
Strong, refreshing faith we seek  
Resting, cheerfully prepare  
For the labours of the week.

---

## 167.—8.7.

LEAVE your dreaming, leave your sighing,  
Hoping, striving, travel on,  
Though your strength seem faint and dying,  
Onward till your work is done.

Never tarry when its roses  
Time may scatter in your way,  
When, while all the deep reposes,  
Sirens sing their charming lay.

Onward still, with singing going,  
Wrestle with your sorrows all,  
Till upon your face, still glowing,  
Golden beams from heaven fall.

Till the leafy crown, victorious,  
Casts its shadow o'er your brow,  
Till the light of genius glorious  
O'er you sheds its sacred glow.

Onward through the enemy,  
Onward through death's agony  
He who heaven would ever see,  
Must a faithful warrior be.

## 168.—P.M.

I AM the ROSE so softly through  
The floating vapours gleaming ;—  
But thou, O Love, art like the DEW  
Upon my blossoms streaming.

I am the GEM, in gloomy place  
No splendours round me flinging ;—  
Thou art the SUNSHINE on my face  
Bright hues from darkness bringing.

I am the CLOUD of dusky grey,  
Along the sky extending ;—  
Thou art the RAINBOW on me, gay  
With various colours blending.

I am the MEMNON, dumb and dead  
When night is all surrounding ;—  
Thou openest, like the MORNING red,  
My lips with music sounding.

I am the MAN in sorrows tried,  
A pilgrim care attended.  
Thou art my Helper and my Guide,  
God's ANGEL strong and splendid.

---

169.—10.

SURE of the Spring that warms them into  
birth,  
The golden seeds thou trustest to the Earth ;  
And dost thou doubt the Eternal Spring sublime,  
For deeds—the seeds which Wisdom sows in  
Time ?

## 170.—14.

TRUTH seek we both—Thou, in the life  
without thee and around ;  
I in the Heart within—by both can Truth  
alike be found ;  
The healthy eye can through the world the  
great Creator track—  
The healthy heart is but the glass which gives  
creation back.

---

## 171.—C.M.

IF this great world of joy and pain  
Revolve in one sure track ;  
If freedom, set, will rise again,  
And virtue, flown, come back ;  
Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
The heart with each day's care ;  
Nor gain, from past or future skill  
To bear, and to forbear !

---

## 172.—C.M.

WITH honest heart go on your way,  
Down to yon burial-sod,  
And never, for a moment, stray  
Beyond the path of God.  
Then like a happy pilgrim here,  
O'er pleasant meadows going,  
You'll reach the bank, without a fear,  
Where death's chill stream is flowing.

And every thing along your way  
In colours bright shall shine ;  
The water from the jug of clay  
Shall taste like costly wine !  
Then cherish faith and honesty  
Down to your burial-clod,  
And never, for a moment, stray  
Beyond the path of God.

---

## 173.—C.M.

I ASK not for his lineage,  
I ask not for his name—  
If manliness be in his heart,  
He noble birth may claim.  
I care not though of this world's wealth  
But slender be his part,  
If yes you answer, when I ask—  
Hath he a true man's heart ?

I ask not from what land he came,  
Nor where his youth was nurs'd—  
If pure the stream, it matters not  
The spot from whence it burst.  
The palace or the hovel,  
Where first his life began,  
I seek not of : but answer this—  
Is he an honest man ?

Nay, blush not now—what matters it  
Where first he drew his breath ?  
A manger was the cradle-bed  
Of HIM of Nazareth !  
Be nought, be any, every thing—  
I care not what you be—  
If yes you answer, when I ask—  
Art thou pure, true, and free ?

---

## 174.—8.8.6.

AS once, upon Athenian ground,  
Shrines, statues, temples, all around,  
The man of Tarsus trod,—  
Midst idol-altars, one he saw  
That filled his breast with sacred awe :  
'Twas—" To the unknown God."

Age after age has rolled away,  
Altars and thrones have felt decay,  
Sages and saints have risen ;  
And, like a giant roused from sleep,  
Man has explored the pathless deep,  
And lightnings snatched from heaven.

Yet still, where'er presumptuous man  
His Maker's essence strives to scan,  
And lifts his feeble hands,  
Though saint and sage their powers unite  
To fathom that abyss of light,  
Ah ! still *that altar* stands.

## 175.—8.9.

A LITTLE child, in bulrush ark,  
Came floating on the Nile's broad water ;  
That child made Egypt's glory dark,  
And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child for knowledge sought,  
In Israel's temple, of its sages ;  
That child the world's religion brought,  
And crushed the temple's of past ages.

'Mid worst oppressions, if remain  
Young hearts to freedom still aspiring ;  
If, nursed in superstition's chain,  
The human mind be still inquiring,—

Then, let not priest or tyrant dote  
On dreams of long the world commanding ;  
The ark of Moses is afloat,  
And Christ is in the temple standing.

---

176.—P.M.

WHEN mild winds shake the elder-brake,  
Then the wandering herdsmen know  
That the white-thorn soon will blow :  
Wisdom, justice, love, and peace,  
When they struggle to increase,  
Are to us, as soft winds be  
To shepherd boys—a prophecy.



## 177.—L.M.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with this strange device—

EXCELSIOR !

His brow was sad, his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue—

EXCELSIOR !

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;  
Above the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan—

EXCELSIOR !

“ Try not the pass,” the old man said,  
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !”  
And loud that clarion voice replied—

EXCELSIOR !

“ O, stay,” the maiden said, “ and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast !”  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh—

EXCELSIOR !

“ Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !  
Beware the awful avalanche !”  
This was the peasant's last good-night ;  
A voice replied far up the height—

EXCELSIOR !

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried thro' the startled air—  
EXCELSIOR !

A traveller, by the faithful hound  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device—  
EXCELSIOR !

There in the twilight cold and grey,  
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay ;  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell like a falling star—  
EXCELSIOR !

---

178.—P.M.

THERE'S a good time coming yet,  
A good time coming ;  
We may not live to see the day,  
But earth shall glisten in the ray  
Of the good time coming.  
Cannon balls may aid the truth,  
But thought's a weapon stronger ;  
We'll win our battle by its aid—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming yet,  
A good time coming ;  
The pen shall supersede the sword,  
And right not might shall be the lord,  
In the good time coming.  
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,  
And be acknowledged stronger,  
The proper impulse has been given—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming yet,  
A good time coming ;  
Hateful rivalries of creed,  
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,  
In the good time coming.  
Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
And flourish all the stronger ;  
And charity shall trim her lamp—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming yet,  
A good time coming ;  
War in all men's eyes shall be  
A monster of iniquity,  
In the good time coming.  
Nations shall not quarrel, then,  
To prove which is the stronger ;  
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—  
Wait a little longer.

## 179.—8.

THE kings of old have shrine and tomb  
In many a minster's haughty gloom ;  
And green, along the ocean side,  
The mounds arise where heroes died ;  
But show me on thy flowery breast,  
Earth ! where thy *nameless* martyrs rest !

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,  
Have made one offering of their days ;  
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,  
Resigned the bitter cup to take ;  
And silently, in fearless faith,  
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they ? Woods and sounding waves  
Are silent of those hidden graves ;  
Yet what if no light footstep there  
In pilgrim-love and awe repair—  
They sleep in secret, but their sod,  
Unknown to man, is marked of God !

---

## 180.—8.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland ?  
Is it where he by chance is born ?  
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn  
In such scant borders to be spanned ?  
O yes ! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is  
Where God is God and man is man ?  
Doth he not claim a broader span  
For the soul's love of home than this ?  
O yes ! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear  
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,  
Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more true and fair,  
There is the true man's birth-place grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another,—  
Thank God for such a birthright brother—  
That spot of earth is thine and mine,  
There is the true man's birth-place grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland !

---

181.—C.M.

CALL all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee !  
Thou knowest how they long  
To leave these broken lays, and aid  
In heaven's unceasing song ;  
How they long, Lord, to go to Thee,  
And hail Thee, with their eyes,—  
Thee in thy blessedness, and all  
The nations of the skies ;

All who have loved Thee and done well,  
Of every age, creed, clime,  
The host of saved ones from the ends  
And all the worlds of time :  
The wise in matter and in mind,  
The soldier, sage, and priest,  
King, prophet, hero, saint, and bard,  
The greatest soul and least ;

The old and young and very babe,  
The maiden and the youth,  
All reborn angels of one age—  
The age of heaven and truth ;  
The rich, the poor, the good, the bad,  
Redeemed alike, from sin ;  
Lord ! close the book of Time and let  
Eternity begin.

---

182.—L.M.

HOT, scorching is life's sultry breath,  
But tranquil is the gale of death ;  
Like withered leaves in winter's gloom,  
It wafts us to a silent tomb.

And there the moonbeams and the showers  
Fall, as upon a bank of flowers ;  
Yet there the tears of friends are shed  
In hope and love, upon the dead.

And in her bosom, great and small,  
Our mother-earth receives us all ;  
O could we see her gentle face,  
We should not fear her long embrace !

## 183.—P.M.

INTO the Silent Land !  
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand  
Who leads us with a gentle hand,  
Thither, oh, thither,  
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection ! Tender morning visions  
Of beauteous souls ! 'Eternity's own band !  
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land !

O, Land ! O, Land !  
For all the broken hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
Into the land of the great departed,  
Into the Silent Land !

---

## 184.—10.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the arch-angel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth;  
And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers which never bloomed on  
earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up  
the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and acre of our God.  
This is the place, where human harvests  
grow!

---

185.—P.M.

THINK brother! may not heaven  
Be this common earth, full grown?  
Think! are not signals given?  
Of its nonage well-nigh flown?  
What is heaven? trust not any,  
If they call it mystery:  
Its features are not many  
And have strange simplicity:—



God, present to us ever :  
Sweet accord of living hearts ;  
Fair nature ; true sight, never  
Waxing dim—are all its parts,  
For such what need of fleeing  
From this world, so full of flow'rs ?  
'Twill be our own decreeing,  
If on earth they are not ours.

---

## 186.—P.M.

IT is no flaming lustre, made of light,  
No sweet concert, nor well tim'd harmony,  
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,  
Of flowery odour mixt with spicery.  
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily,  
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,  
A harmony that sounds within the breast,  
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul  
doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume ;  
A light unseen, yet shines in ev'ry place ;  
A sound no time can steal, a sweet perfume  
No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace  
That no satiety can e'er unlace,  
Ingrac'd into so high a favour then  
The saints with all their peers, whole worlds  
outwear,  
And things unseen do see, and things unheard  
do hear.

## 187.—L.M.

O, WHEN the hours of life are past,  
And death's dark shade arrives at last,  
It is not sleep, it is not rest;  
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

Their way to heaven was pure from sin,  
And Christ shall there receive them in:  
There, each shall wear a robe of light,  
Like his, divinely fair and bright,

There, parted hearts again shall meet,  
In union, holy, calm, and sweet:  
There, grief find rest; and never more  
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

There, angels will unite their prayers  
With spirits bright and blest as theirs;  
And light shall glance on every crown,  
From suns that never more go down.

No storms shall ride the troubled air;  
No voice of passion enter there.  
But all be peaceful as the sigh  
Of evening gales that breathe, and die.

For there the God of mercy sheds  
His purest influence on their heads,  
And gilds the spirits round his throne  
With glory radiant as is own.

. 188.—C.M.

THERE is a land of pure delight  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

[Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink.  
And fear to launch away.]

O ! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

## 189.—C.M.

WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

Let cares, like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all!

There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

---

## 190.—C.M.

OUR years in quick succession rise,  
Our days glide smoothly on:  
The flight of time—so swift it flies—  
Is unperceived, till gone.

On rapid wing, concealed from view,  
Death brings our blest discharge;  
Cuts the fine silver cord in two,  
And sets the mind at large.

O what enlargement!—who can tell  
The o'erwhelming glory given,  
When once the soul has burst its cell,  
And finds itself in heaven!

---

## 191.—P.M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark; they whisper: angels say  
Sister spirit, come away.  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—  
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!  
O Grave, where is thy victory?  
O Death, where is thy sting?

## 192.—L.M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies !  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes ;  
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !  
How bright the unchanging morn appears !  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's duty done as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies ;  
While heaven and earth combine to say ;  
' How blest the righteous when he dies !'

## 193.—C.M.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave ;  
Where life's vain tumult's past,  
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,  
Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease ;  
Their passions rage no more ;  
And there the weary pilgrim rests  
From all the toils he bore.

There rest the prisoners now released  
From slavery's sad abode ;  
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,  
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, small and great,  
Partake the same repose ;  
And there in peace the ashes mix  
Of those who once were foes.

All levelled by the hand of death,  
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;  
Till God in judgment call them forth,  
To meet their final doom.

---

### 194.—8.4.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found :  
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,  
No more disturbs their deep repose  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.

Ah mourner, long of storms the sport,  
 Condemned in wretchedness to roam !  
 Hope! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
 A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure seldom found,  
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,  
 And soothe the bosom's deepest wound,  
 With heavenly balm.

A bruised reed God will not break ;  
 Afflictions all his children feel ;  
 He wounds them for his mercy's sake,  
 He wounds to heal !

O traveller in the vale of tears !  
 To realms of everlasting light,  
 Through time's dark wilderness of years,  
 Pursue thy flight.

### 195.—8.4.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
 Low in the ground :

The soul, of origin divine,  
 God's glorious image freed from clay,  
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
 A star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,  
 A transient meteor in the sky ;  
 The soul immortal as its sire,  
 Shall never die.



## 196.—L.M.

THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,  
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,—  
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful Death ?  
O Grave, are these thy victory ?

The mourners by our parting bed,  
The wife, the children weeping nigh,  
The dismal pageant of the dead,—  
These,—these are not thy victory !

But from the much loved world to part,  
Our lust untamed, our spirit high ;  
All nature struggling at the heart,  
Which, dying, feels it dare not die !

To meet o'ersoon our heavenly King,  
Whose love we passed unheeded by ;  
Lo ! this, O Death, thy deadliest sting !  
O Grave, and this thy victory !

O Searcher of the secret heart,  
Who giv'st to all men once to die !  
Restore us ere the spirit part,  
Nor yield to Death the victory !

---

## 197.—7.

'SPIRIT ! leave thy house of clay :  
Lingering dust ! resign thy breath :  
Spirit ! cast thy chains away ;  
Dust ! be thou dissolved in death.'

Thus the almighty Father speaks  
While the faithful Christian dies ;  
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,  
And the ransomed captive flies.

‘ Prisoner, long detained below !  
Prisoner, now with freedom blest !  
Welcome from a world of woe !  
Welcome to a land of rest !’  
Thus the choir of angels sing,  
As they bear the soul on high,  
While with hallelujahs ring  
All the regions of the sky.

Grave, the guardian of our dust !  
Grave, the treasury of the skies !  
Every atom of thy trust,  
Rests in hope again to rise.  
Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls,  
‘ Soul ! rebuild thy house of clay ;  
*Immortality* thy walls,  
And *Eternity* thy day.’

---

198.—P.M.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear,  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated.  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before !  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

## 199.—L.M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who, all night long, unwearied sing  
High praises to the eternal King.

May I, like them, in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight ;  
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,  
And celebrate his glories still.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew :  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept  
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

## 200.—L.M.

**AWAKE** my soul, awake mine eyes !  
Awake my drowsy faculties !  
Awake, and see the new-born light  
Spring from the darksome womb of night.

Look up, and see the unwearied sun,  
Already has his race begun :  
The pretty lark is mounted high,  
And sings her matins in the sky.

Arise, my soul ! and thou, my voice,  
In songs of early praise rejoice.  
O great Creator ! heavenly King !  
Thy praises ever let me sing !

---

## 201.—L.M.

**UP** to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And he accepts the punctual hymn  
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside  
From holy off'rings at noon-tide ;  
Then, here reposing let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,  
We need not toil from morn till night ;  
The respite of the mid-day hour  
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestow'd  
Upon the service of our God.

Why should we crave a hallow'd spot ?  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven !—the industrious sun  
Already half his race hath run ;  
He cannot halt or go astray ;  
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east,  
If we have falter'd or transgressed,  
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,  
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with thy grace, through life's short day  
Our upward and our downward way ;  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink to final rest.

---

## 202.—L.M.

O'ER silent field and lonely lawn  
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn ;  
At twilight's holy heartfelt hour,  
In man his better soul hath power.

The passions are at peace within,  
And still each stormy thought of sin—  
The yielding bosom, overawed,  
Breathes love to man and love to God.

---

## 203.—C.M.

THE moon is up ! how calm and slow  
She wheels above the hill !  
The weary winds forget to blow,  
And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers, with delight  
The rising brightness see,  
Revealing all the paths and plains,  
And gilding every tree.

It glistens when the hurrying stream  
Its little ripple leaves ;  
It falls upon the forest shade,  
And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening hills,  
The heavenly lustre spread ;  
The gospel sounded from the blaze,  
And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world  
Its guiding splendour throws :  
Bright in the opening hours of life,  
But brighter at the close.

The waning moon, in time, shall fail  
To walk the midnight skies ;  
But God hath kindled this bright light  
With fire that never dies.

---

## 204.—C.M.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies  
Proclaim the opening year,  
What various sounds of joy arise !  
What prospects bright appear !

Earth and her thousand voices give  
Their thousand notes of praise ;  
And all, that by his mercy live,  
To God their offering raise.

Forth walks the labourer to his toil,<sup>1</sup>  
And sees the fresh array  
Of verdure clothe the flowery soil  
Along his careless way.

The streams, all beautiful and bright,  
Reflect the morning sky ;  
And then, with music in his flight,  
The wild bird soars on high.

Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,  
That saw the Saviour rise,  
The spring of heaven's eternal year,  
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

No winter then, no shades of night,  
Profane those mansions blest :  
Then in the happy fields of light,  
The weary are at rest.

---

## 205.—C.M.

BEHOLD the western evening light,  
It melts in evening gloom ;  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills  
The crimson light is shed !  
'T is like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast ;  
'T is like the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,  
The yellow star appears ;  
So faith springs in the heart of those  
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.



But soon the morning's happier light  
Its glory shall restore,  
And eyelids that are sealed in death  
Shall wake to close no more.

---

## 206.—L.M.

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,  
Millions this day before thee bow'd;  
Their faces Zion-ward were set,  
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd :—

But thou, soul-searching God ! hast known,  
The hearts of all that bent the knee,  
And hast accepted those alone,  
In spirit and truth that worship'd thee.

People of many a tribe and tongue,  
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,  
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,  
And offer'd pray'r with holy hands.

Still, as the light of morning broke,  
O'er island, continent, and deep,  
Thy far-spread family awoke,  
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west the sun survey'd  
From north to south, adoring throngs ;  
And still when evening stretch'd her shade,  
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

Harmonious as the winds and seas,  
In halcyon hours when storms are flown,  
Rose all earth's Babel languages,  
In pure accord to thy throne.

Not angel-trumpets sound more clear ;  
Not elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays,  
Yield music sweeter to thine ear  
Than humble pray'r and thankful praise.

And not a pray'r, a tear, a sigh,  
Hath fail'd to day some suit to gain ;  
To those in trouble thou wert nigh,  
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed,  
Thy chasten'd sons have kiss'd the rod,  
Thy mourners have been comforted,  
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one pray'r more ;—and be it one  
In which both heav'n and earth accord !—  
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son,  
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord.

His throne and sovereignty advance ;  
For his soul's travail let him see  
The heathen his inheritance,  
And earth's last bound his portion be.

## 207.—L.M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

O let my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close !  
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply.  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

Celestial joys to me rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse ;  
Or let my soul, all the night long  
Sing to my God a grateful song.

## 208.—L.M.

THE night is come, like to the day;  
Depart not thou, great God, away,  
Let not my sins, black as the night,  
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.  
Keep still in my horizon; for me  
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.  
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,  
On my temples sentry keep.  
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes  
Whose eyes are open while mine close,  
Let no dreams my head infest,  
But such as Jacob's temples blessed.  
While I do rest, my soul advance,  
Make my sleep a holy trance;  
That I may, my rest being wrought,  
Awake into some holy thought;  
And with as active vigour run  
My course, as doth the nimble sun.  
Sleep is a death; O make me try,  
By sleeping, what it is to die;  
And as gently lay my head  
On my grave, as now my bed.  
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me  
Awake again at last with thee,  
And thus assured, behold I lie  
Securely, or to wake or die.  
These are my drowsy days, in vain  
I do now wake to sleep again:  
O come that hour when I shall never  
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

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BIRMINGHAM :

PRINTED BY A. DEAKIN, 42, EDMUND STREET.













